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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVI. No. 2227.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1939.

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All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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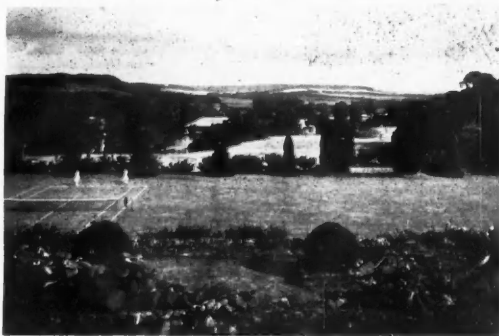
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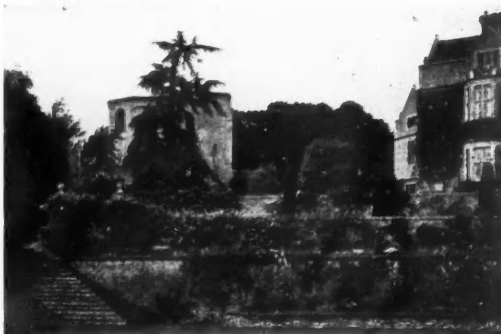
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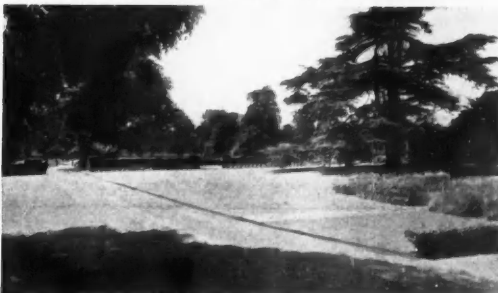
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Ample Garages and Stabling.

It stands on sandy soil

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Golf Course on Property.

Squash Court.

Cottages.

The Estate comprises several farms, Village Inn, 70 acres woods, etc.; and produces (irrespective of the House, Woods and Lands in hand) an

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Exceptional Opportunity to Purchase at Bargain Price.

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Secluded position close to Commonlands. 700ft. up. South aspect. Far-reaching views.

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The subject of a special article in "Country Life." 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Up to date and labour-saving. Main services. Central Heating. Parquet Floors, etc.

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In unspoilt surroundings with fine panoramic views.

A Delightful Country Residence

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Avenue drive.
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Splendid Stabling.
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A VERY FINE

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Beautiful situation 3 hours west of Town.

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Overlooking a lake and parklands.
Recently modernised at considerable expense.
A magnificent central hall, 5 reception rooms, 11 principal bed and dressing rooms, 6 baths, servants' accommodation, Central heating, basins in bedrooms, electric light. Stabling, garages, lodge and 5 Cottages.
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Approached by a long drive.

IN BEAUTIFUL RURAL SURROUNDINGS.

About 37 miles from London.



3 reception, billiards, 12 bed, 4 baths.
Electric light.
Central heating.
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Charming and well laid-out Gardens.
About 20 ACRES (further possibly available).
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Main electric light and power.
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LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS, with tennis court, orchard and kitchen garden and



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Most attractive **GROUNDS**, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock.

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12 BEDROOMS, 5 BATHROOMS,
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REASONABLE RENT FURNISHED

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5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, usual offices.

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Very pleasant Gardens and Grounds, well timbered and easy to maintain, beyond which is parklike pastureland bordering the river. Some of the finest Salmon-fishing in the district for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from both banks goes with the property. The land is let and produces an income of £160 per annum.

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FAULTLESS ORDER.

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Electric Light. Central Heating.
Plentiful Water.



STABLING FOR HUNTERS.
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Electric Light and Central Heating.
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Well-timbered Grounds of great
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in faultless order
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Main services and
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8 bedrooms.

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**MELLOWED GEORGIAN RESIDENCE
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Standing in lovely grounds intersected by a moat and
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Panelled lounge hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Company's electric light, power and water.

2 GARAGES. Superior Cottage containing 5 rooms.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS

including croquet lawn, rose and water gardens, orchard
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4 ACRES. FREEHOLD.

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8. **KENT.** Canterbury 3 miles. MANSION in Park. 5 reception, 40 bed. Electric light. Stabling for 20 ; Garage ; Cottages. Gardens.
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with excellent HOUSE of great character and charm, built in Jacobean style and containing:

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Main electric light and power.

Central heating throughout.



ADDITIONAL SHOOTING OVER 450 ACRES AVAILABLE.

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PLEASANT GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Good pasture and arable lands with well-placed coverts, extending in all to about

205 ACRES

**REDUCED PRICE £8,500
 FREEHOLD**

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CLOSE TO AN INTERESTING OLD MARKET TOWN; ON HIGH GROUND AND COMMANDING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.



THE WHOLE PROPERTY HAS BEEN WELL MAINTAINED AND IS IN VERY GOOD ORDER

FOR SALE**This Choice Small****RESIDENTIAL ESTATE**

with attractive House, containing 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, servants' sitting room, good domestic offices.

GARAGE (2 CARS).

Loose boxes, cowstalls, piggeries.
 Company's gas, water and electricity.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

Good pasture and arable lands, woodlands; the whole extending to about

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1 MILE FROM FROME.

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STANDING WELL BACK FROM THE ROAD.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FORTIFIED SOMERSET MANOR HOUSES

PART DATING FROM THE XIVTH CENTURY, THE REMAINDER XVIIth CENTURY.

Mentioned in Domesday Book.

Situate on an island site formed by trout stream and moat.

TO BE SOLD,

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In excellent state of preservation.

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Delightful terrace overlooking old-world garden, stream and paddock; the whole comprising about

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PRICE £2,500 FREEHOLD

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11 MILES DORCHESTER, 2 MILES BLANDFORD.

The remainder of the FREEHOLD AGRICULTURAL and VILLAGE PROPERTY comprised in the

MILTON ABBEY ESTATE

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9 MIXED FARMS from 33 Acres to 194 Acres, 7 SMALL HOLDINGS from 4 Acres to 34 Acres;

214 ACRES OF ARABLE, MEADOW AND PASTURE LAND divided into 11 suitable Lots, 59 ACRES OF WOODLANDS in 2 Lots,

85 ACRES OF DOWN AND VALLEY LAND; 52 OLD-WORLD COTTAGES, BUNGALOWS AND GARDENS, 2 SMALL RESIDENCES AND GARDENS.

15 Building Sites; School House; Estate Office and Agent's Quarters; Village Stores; Piggery and Land; Butcher's Premises; Spacious Barn; Allotments and Waterworks; the whole extending to an area of about

1156 ACRES

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are favoured with instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, in 80 Lots, at their Property Mart, Cairns House, St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1939, in Two Sessions, at 11.0 a.m. and 2.0 p.m. precisely (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors for Milton Abbey Estate: CLAUDE MEESON, Esq., Midland Bank Chambers, Ringwood, Hants.

Solicitors for Frampton Farms: Messrs. LORD & PARKER, 3, Foregate Street, Worcester.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	PAGE
WILDFOWL OF POLAND : A SPORTSMAN IN THE PRIPET MARSHES, by Major-General Carton de Wiart, V.C. - - -	301
FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY, by Frances Pitt - - -	304
BIRD COURSHIP : OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF A VERY COMPLICATED SUBJECT, by C. R. Stonor - - -	306
MANORBIER CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE, by Christopher Hussey -	308
WAR-TIME COOKERY : WAYS WITH RABBIT, by Penelope Chetwode	312
A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR : ALL QUIET ON THE RURAL FRONT, by Major C. S. Jarvis - - -	313
THE FUTURE OF COUNTRY CRAFTSMEN : A HUNGARIAN SURVEYS THE PROBLEM OF LEISURE, by Zoltan Poharnok - - -	314
GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN : BATTLES LONG AGO - - -	316
THE MODERN HOUSE : A SURVEY OF THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS - - -	317
AT A VILLAGE INN : AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH, Gordon Home -	318
BOOKS AND AUTHORS : CABLES, CYPHERS AND CADETS, by W. E. Barber; OTHER REVIEWS - - -	319
CORRESPONDENCE - - -	320
"Caves in Surrey" (Lord Hylton); Sixty Years of Reaping; English Peat (O. A. Merritt Hawkes); "The Silhouettist's Art"; Ghat Gardening in Kashmir; "Sweet Johns and Sweet Williams" (Miles Hartfield); Swarming Bees (Col. E. P. Stebbing).	
THE ESTATE MARKET - - -	322
THE RACING SEASON REVIEWED - - -	322
FARMING NOTES : THE FIRST DAYS OF WAR - - -	xx
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD, by the Hon. Maynard Greville -	xxii
FASHION FAIR, by Dora Shackell - - -	xxiv
SOME UNCOMMON BULBS - - -	xxvi

"Country Life" Crossword No. 504, page xxiii.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions submitted to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE should be typewritten and, wherever possible, accompanied by photographs of outstanding merit. Fiction is not required. The Editor does not undertake to return unsuitable material if it is not accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

ON THE HOME FRONT

IF the news from the theatres of war is still exasperatingly scanty, there is plenty on the home front, where the principal topic is still the great evacuation. And since the evacuation is a national matter directly affecting the country places, there is every reason why it should receive notice again in COUNTRY LIFE. We have now had time to see what has happened, what is happening, and to try to see what is likely to happen. Taking the broad view, the move has been a gigantic success. The transport officials, the school-teachers, the voluntary helpers have had their well deserved applause; now we have to ask ourselves how is the thing working, and how, if and where necessary, can it be improved. From the outset it was obvious that there would be complaints, grumbles, disappointments. So vast an undertaking of so complex a character, stirring such a diversity of emotions, and cutting so deeply across rigidly held ideas of home and home life, was bound to cause friction here and there. But let us keep our sense of proportion; the surprising thing surely is that it has caused so little. Only the least imaginative can have assumed that it would have been possible to transfer hundreds and thousands of children, in some cases with their mothers, from one part of the kingdom to another, and to have expected nothing but a general smooth reaction. How, in the midst of such an upheaval, could life go on as if nothing very much out of the common had happened? Surely, it is not unknown for people in the humdrum and commonplace process of moving house, to discover that they simply cannot endure their new surroundings and that their new neighbours are, quite frankly, impossible! And what is true for the unit is surely true, even in special circumstances, for the mass. Never did an enterprise less deserve to be crabbied; never did a great humanitarian undertaking merit more whole-hearted sympathy and support. After all, the movement was voluntary; there has been no coercion. We can imagine how it might have

been carried out in another land where even to mourn the dead in battle, or to breathe the beloved names, is a crime.

The complaints that have been made have numerous and varied bases. They range from incompatibility of temperament to the lack of dug-outs in cornfields, from the loneliness and the distances to the high cost of living, from contrasted social ideals to non-co-operation. It will appear at once that here are cases where the billeting officers acting under the local authorities can do much. It was not to be expected that each and all of them would be able to decide in advance, with complete precision, what child or children would be most acceptable to what family circle. Now is the time to make adjustments, to shuffle and to re-arrange. Those who, as unwilling hosts, have persuaded themselves that no greater calamity could befall them than the intrusion within their portals of a group of slum children, might do worse than con the map of Poland as it appears to-day. But it is not to be pretended that faults do not exist on both sides, though the onus to straighten out difficulties and to overcome friction must surely be with those who already were in places of safety and who are now asked at some inconvenience to themselves, but at no risk to their safety, to share their security with children who thus far have generally seen but one side of life and who, with the coming of calamity, would have been among the very first to suffer. Some of the children may not know how to behave, some indeed may be absolute little hooligans, but that does not rid the nation of its responsibility to them, which begins and ends with the fact that they are its children; and, after all, bad manners, uppishness and general undiscipline are not found only in a single class. Children, whencesoever they come, can learn; for the hard cases, utterly outside authority, there are ways and means ready to hand.

Further, as we have already shown, many of the difficulties arising from the sharing of a dwelling by, to put it briefly, people "who can't get on" are in process of being overcome by the simple expedient of taking over empty cottages, stables and garages and making separate or communal refuges of them. Later we may expect the provision of semi-permanent houses and, if the exigencies of war-time permit, the construction of regular camps to be run on a definite scheme of mutual assistance. In the meantime there must be many large houses in the country which could be adapted, without consequent loss in their eventual market value, to the needs of the moment for the housing of the families in groups. The new situation has demanded drastic adjustments of health and other public services, and it is not to be doubted that landlords will come forward with a corresponding gesture.

The Minister of Health has already put forward concrete suggestions for dealing with the situation, and points out, in reference to the movement back to towns, that parents will be taking a serious responsibility if they insist on returning, and that similar arrangements for evacuation cannot be made again. Schools—and this will greatly ease present difficulties—are being opened with all possible speed, and every step is being taken, meanwhile, to provide employment of one kind or another where idleness threatens to become irksome beyond endurance: "the general objective should be to ensure that the householder is relieved of responsibility between breakfast-time and tea-time, if possible, by some form of organised care." Cases where damage is done are to be reviewed, and machinery is being provided to deal with those who, in other respects, will not co-operate in the general scheme: while additional expenditure may be sanctioned where present arrangements for quarters and rationing are found unsatisfactory. Nor have other points bearing on physical comfort been overlooked. Substantial quantities of blankets and camp beds are being provided by the Government, and distribution is going on as fast as production will permit. There is very little that is comforting in anything that arises from war, but all can do their share in minimising the inevitable hardships. If the least of the horrors that we experience in a long campaign is sheltering the children of our own land we may account ourselves fortunate. There are already places where the word "shelter" has lost its meaning—and not only for children.

COUNTRY NOTES



PETROL FOR FARMERS

IN the course of his Farming Notes, published elsewhere in this issue, our correspondent "Cincinnatus," who is also the author of the series of articles "The Farmer's Business" now running in monthly instalments in COUNTRY LIFE, discusses the vast task of the farmers in ploughing up a million and a half acres of grassland before next year, and refers to the numbers and distribution of tractors available for the work. In this connection the National Farmers' Union points out that arrangements have been made in regard to the petrol rationing scheme to deal with the special requirements of agriculture. It has been decided to allow the purchase of motor spirit and heavy oil for such purposes as harvest work and ploughing. These purchases will be under a special licence issued by the Secretary for Mines under the Motor Fuel Rationing Order. Under this arrangement farmers will not be required to fill up special forms for their immediate requirements. They must satisfy the supplier that they are persons genuinely engaged in agriculture and that they need the supply for agricultural work and no other. They will be required to sign a receipt for the quantity of fuel purchased on a billhead furnished by the person selling the fuel. Details will be required of the engines or vehicles for which the fuel is needed, and the name and address of the purchaser. The supplier of the fuel will be required to produce these receipts in order to obtain replenishment of his stocks. This system also covers vans and lorries operating on agricultural licences. It does not apply to farmers' private motor cars, which are dealt with under the main rationing scheme, or to farmers' lorries operating on carriers' licences or permits issued by the Regional Transport Commissioners. Such vehicles are dealt with through the Ministry of Transport scheme. Farmers owning vehicles of these kinds should form or join groups under the Ministry of Transport scheme, as in the case of other owners of commercial vehicles. The requirements of suppliers of agricultural engines for the purpose of starting and delivering such engines are also included in this scheme.

CURRENT HOUSING POLICY

THE Minister of Health has taken prompt steps to advise local authorities of the Government's policy with regard to housing in war-time. There are at the moment nearly 50,000 houses in course of construction under the Slum Clearance Acts, while many more schemes are in varying stages between the selection of sites and the acceptance of tenders. With their many other commitments and responsibilities, including the repair of damage that may be incurred in air raids, it is obviously desirable that local authorities should be relieved of their housing duties for the time being, and the Ministry has accordingly decided to postpone all work except that which is well advanced or is of special urgency. In the case of slum clearance, demolition orders will be deferred in order to maintain the existing supply of accommodation. One effect of this will be to relieve many country cottages which, though

structurally sound, have been condemned through the inability of owners to bring them up to the required standards. Looking back, we can congratulate ourselves on the vast amount of building that has been achieved in the past few years, particularly in country districts. The mass exodus of children and mothers from town to country would have been physically impossible in 1914, and far more difficult even as recently as 1934. To-day, however, there is scarcely a village without its council houses, or its clusters of new bungalows and villas, which, however regrettable they seemed to us when they were put up, have proved of inestimable value in accommodating the million and a quarter evacuees. Discomfort there may be, but there is not undue overcrowding.

GOING SLOW

REPORTS from country places record a general quietness following the first excitement caused by the arrival of the evacuees, with cubbing going on here and there, the appearance of an occasional fisherman in uniform and of a few guns among the birds, a widespread slowing down and curtailment of country activities, making, however, by no means so drastic a change in the affairs of every day as has occurred in towns and cities. The black-out alone, to take but one characteristic of the period, can hardly bring such hardship and difficulty to the country as it does to the town, for in any case the countryman is accustomed to going about in the dark and, alternatively, to staying at home after nightfall. But in London and elsewhere it has brought great changes in social life, a return to fireside habits, more reading of books and, for many, an earlier bedtime. Already, as the days grow shorter, the time-table in many places of business is being revised so that the working day begins and ends earlier; hence with early to bed, comes, for many, early to rise. If we are proving nothing else we are proving adaptable. We have learned, even on the blackest night, to avoid stumbling over the heap of sand-bags at the corner, to find the key-hole without striking a match, to put the cat out without releasing a gleam of light. Townsmen at present may still be, on the whole, a race of gropers after nightfall; but they are undaunted gropers, and by the end of the war they will doubtless have developed the special sense shared by countrymen, horses and cats, which enables them to find their way anywhere in the dark, and it will be to their advantage, moreover, if they have also learned—perhaps one of the hardest lessons of the black-out—that it is foolish and futile habitually to be in a hurry.

ÆOLUS

His gentle whispers in the poplar tree,
Or playful catpaw on the open sea,
Or quaint design of mares'-tails in the sky,
All prove he's been a child like you and me.

Repeatedly his beauties pass us by
Without our learning what they mean or why.
The silken sheen he casts on ripening hay
Is noticed only by the watchful eye.

So, very often, in this kind of way
To anyone who cares he will display
A loveliness that negatives the spite
To which he's sometimes said to be a prey.

He's certainly the source of small delight
To those who claim fair weather as their right.
But how can hearts be stout and venturesome,
If seas are always calm and skies are bright?

C. S. EMDEN.

BOOKS WANTED

THOUGH the Book Fair has, for obvious reasons, been abandoned for this year, it is easy to prophesy that the publishing season will be a notable one. In the autumn of 1914 many of the great publishing houses found the demand for books such that by Christmas normal stocks were almost exhausted, and there is every indication that, with black-out keeping many of us at home at night, with long periods of "standing by" inevitable in many home services, that phase of publishing history will repeat itself in a very decided fashion. Reading may not make us full men in the more material sense, but it is often the best recipe for turning one's thoughts from rationing and even

sterner anxieties, and the demand for new books is likely to be unprecedented. Meanwhile, books new and old are wanted at once by the British Red Cross Hospital Library, 48, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate. They are wanted in huge quantities for the military and naval hospitals and hospital ships and, as usual, for the civilian hospitals. Though books intended for hospitals must be unsoiled, the range of subjects with which they may deal is almost unlimited; books of travel, science, and in foreign languages all find readers: novels, particularly detective stories, are welcome, and reasonably recent issues of illustrated journals and magazines. Children's books and toys are assured a welcome in many parts of the country from little people who could not include their own, if they possessed any, in the exiguous luggage of an evacuee, and who will certainly need something of the sort to keep them "good" on long wet winter evenings away from home.

SPORT IN ITS RIGHT PLACE

IT is natural and proper that all forms of games and sport should stop with a bang when war was declared, and it is equally right that now that we have to some extent got our second wind, some relaxation in this respect should be permitted. That which is impossible in one part of the country may be possible in another, and the Arsenal have played a match at Cardiff; but that must almost of necessity be an exception to prove the rule that the real matches will be between various units of the Forces. Very good matches, too, some of them will be, for many sides will possess one or two famous players who will be at once objects of adoration to their comrades and sources of encouragement and instruction to them. Boxing, again, is sure to flourish in the Army, as it did before, when an old soldier, Bombardier Wells, and a new one, Jimmy Wilde, helped to spread a knowledge of their art among enthusiastic pupils. We are told that two modern heroes of the Ring, Len Harvey and Tommy Farr, are both now members of the Royal Air Force, and they can do much by example and precept; while, as listeners to the radio will have heard, "somewhere in England" there has already been an exhibition for the entertainment of some of the troops. Exercise and healthy amusement are as necessary in these days as in happier ones, and, so far as they are compatible with reasonable safety, they deserve to be encouraged. There is no fear that there should be any public lack of a sense of proportion in the matter, or that sport should be regarded as an end in itself instead of a means to an end.

PLUM AND APPLE

THERE was a time during the war which we no longer quite dare to call "the Great War" when the mere words "plum and apple" had become one of the national jests with which any comedian, professional or only licensed, could raise a laugh. Such a time may come again, but for the present the phrase has a serious significance. The crop of plums ripe and soon to ripen is a heavy one, and the countrywoman who has the foresight to bottle plums and damsons in every available vessel will bless her foresight when, with or without the apple, they provide stewed fruit and the inward parts of tarts for her family and her evacuee guests in winter-time. The difficulty of obtaining sugar, at the moment, may prevent the making of jam, but none is needed for bottling, and the bottled plums can wait for it till they are to be used, when they will not require anything like so much sugar to sweeten them. Where there is a difficulty in storing apples whole they can alternatively be sliced and dried. At the moment, it will be wise to use as much fresh garden produce as possible—bolting lettuces, for instance, are an excellent substitute for spinach—and save roots that will keep for later days; and if the poultry-yard happens to be producing more eggs than are needed for the household, it is perfectly easy to put any surplus down in water-glass for winter necessities.

CAMP CONCERT PARTIES

IN this war we have profited by experience and got along at full speed with projects that took a long time to mature in the last. Among them is that of providing entertainment

for the troops, and already there has been published a list of people, distinguished in the theatrical and musical worlds, who are to give their help. The Camp Concert Party will always be an invaluable aid to cheerfulness and an antidote to boredom. We may be sure, moreover, that the troops will reinforce, on their own account, these external efforts to amuse them, as they did five and twenty years ago. It was truly remarkable in those days how certainly any division, and very likely any unit, could produce what Sam Weller would have called "a reg'lar knock-down o' talent." The doourest sergeant was revealed as having a genius for comic songs, and any miscellaneous body of privates were on a sudden converted into a lovely chorus of what to-day would be known as "glamour girls." To give but one instance of what can be done in the remoter theatres of war, nobody who was present will ever forget the performance of "The Chocolate Soldier" by the 27th Division on the Doiran front, rendered the more poignant by being punctuated by our guns firing against the Bulgarians who figured in the play. The British Army in this, as in more serious matters, can "do it when it chooses."

HIGHLAND EYES

There's a wind from the North
Through the tossing trees blowing,
Here under a high,
Blue, fathomless sky;
And it sings through the leaves,
As an eager tide flowing
Sings forcing the pace
Through the echoing race,
Where the foam-crests are showing.

Like a tumult of waves,
North-wind, singing and singing,
Your song is not all
Sheer hills and the call
Of the red deer, or birds
Over heatherland winging;
But laughter of eyes,
Bright as mornings that rise
Over seas landward swinging.

PATRICK FORD.

ARCHITECTURE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

A FEW weeks ago there appeared under the title of "The Book of the Modern House," edited by Professor Abercrombie, the first comprehensive survey of the development of our domestic architecture during the last twenty-five years. A review of it is published on another page, where is discussed the main issue that it raises—the difference between rural and urban standards in architectural design, which is in reality the fundamental difference between the outlooks of traditionalist and modernist. For ten years now the struggle has been going on, with the traditionalists, on the whole, fighting a losing battle, which is not, however, to say that modernism as propounded by the extremists is likely to prevail without considerable modifications. With the outbreak of war and the great process of decentralisation that is going on, some part of which will probably be permanent in its effects, town and country find themselves locked in an unfamiliar embrace; and, so far as architecture is concerned, the effect may well be to accelerate the fusion between the old and new ideas which have hitherto stood in opposition. By the coincidence of its date of publication this survey covers exactly the four years of the last war and what, until the beginning of this month, we thought of as the post-War period. It thus includes the scholarly work of Sir Guy Dawber and others, who may well seem, by the time another war is over, to belong to a bygone era. It is interesting in this connection that one of Sir Guy Dawber's own buildings—his Foord Almshouses at Rochester—was recently scheduled as a building of special architectural interest under the first order ever made for the preservation of a modern building. But its significance, perhaps, lies rather in the fact that he has already taken his place among the classics.

WILDFOWL OF POLAND

A SPORTSMAN IN THE PRIPET MARSHES

By MAJOR-GENERAL CARTON DE WIART, V.C.

It should be said that the following article was written before the outbreak of hostilities. But General Carton de Wiart's description of the Pripet marshes is of the more interest now that the tide of war has invaded that paradise of wildfowl.



"PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE COUNTRY UNDER WATER"

IT was in January, 1919, that a kind fate—in other words, the War Office—offered me the opportunity of going to Poland. At the time that country had five different wars on hand, so the choice between a dull life in France or an exciting one in Poland was not difficult to make.

I arrived there in February, 1919. For a considerable time there was no opportunity of sampling the sport the country had to offer, the various wars took up all our time; distances were great, communications difficult, and life in general was hectic.

However, after a while the Poles settled their differences with the Bolsheviks, Germans, Lithuanians, Czechs and Ukrainians, and we hoped for a permanent settlement; but, alas! it was not to be. Nevertheless, we had the opportunity of indulging in sport once more, and shooting is the best sport Poland has to offer.

In spite of all the country had been through, there was still a great deal of game; and it did not take us long to realise that the Poles are great experts at managing their shoots, as well as being very good shots.

It was not until the spring of 1921, however, that I visited Polesia, one of the eastern provinces of Poland. This district is, in my humble opinion, a perfect paradise for sportsmen; and I have been fortunate enough to reside there since 1924, when my career as a soldier came to an end.

My first visit was with Prince Charles Radziwill, my Polish *aide-de-camp*, who had inherited a large property in Polesia, and kindly asked me to go with him to visit it.

The country fascinated me from the moment I set foot in it: the vast spaces, the great quantity of water, the stillness of that thinly populated province, all made me realise it was a place I had dreamed about since my childhood but had never thought I should see. I mentioned this to him, and then thought no more about it—dreams are so seldom realised! A few months later Prince Radziwill told me he had found a place which he thought might suit me, and we went off again to Polesia.

He was indeed right, for there was what I had always been looking for: a very nice little wooden house, situated on a river, with no neighbours within fifty miles and no communication except by water. When he saw the impression the place had made upon

me, he said he would lend it to me and that I could shoot duck and snipe where and when I liked. As the property consists of some 300,000 acres, which is about a half of its pre-war size, one can imagine my feelings.

It was hard to believe that such hospitality exists nowadays, but everyone who has been to Poland will, I am sure, bear me out when I say you cannot meet a more hospitable people.

Within the boundaries of Polesia are the Pripet marshes, one of the largest breeding grounds in the world for wildfowl. The country is low-lying and absolutely flat, consisting of enormous forests, meadows and marshes; but at one time of the year they are all marsh, and when the ice breaks and the snow melts it leaves practically the whole country under water. It is then a really wonderful sight, for the villages and a certain amount of cultivated land are the only features which are not submerged.

It is at this moment that the birds begin to arrive. In the winter there is practically no bird life, for they migrate southwards or westwards in the autumn and, with the exception of capercaillie, blackgame, hazel grouse and a few partridges, there are no game birds at that season. The first arrivals take place about March 15th: many varieties of small birds, of which I am unfortunately very ignorant; duck, geese, snipe, woodcock and pigeon among those with which I am better acquainted.

With the exception of the geese and jack snipe, who continue their journey northwards to breed, the vast majority remain if conditions are to their taste. The only essential preliminary from a sporting point of view, and from other points of view also, is a hard winter with plenty of snow. This means plenty of water in the spring; without water you can be sure the season will be a bad one.

Mallard generally are the first duck to appear and are, with the garganey teal, the most numerous of the many kinds of duck we have. The proportion of duck to teal varies according to water conditions.

At different times in Polesia I have shot mallard, gadwall, shoveller, pintail, wigeon, teal, garganey teal, pochard, white-eyed pochard, golden-eye, smew, scaup and buff-headed duck, and one scoter. There are also several species of divers, mer-



MALLARD IN FLIGHT

gansers and grebes. Most of these birds have arrived by April 15th, though we sometimes get a considerable number of teal coming in later. Swallows, too, make their appearance about this time, and the storks come on April 25th. I give this date as a definite one as it is so often on this very day that the first stork arrives. Black storks are also quite common. Unlike the ordinary stork, he lives in the forest and avoids human beings; whereas the ordinary stork will not build its nest away from human habitations.

In the spring, drake shooting is allowed. So far as shooting goes, it is not much sport; but so far as duck lore is concerned, it is extremely interesting. It is done either by using a call-duck, which is always a mallard, or else by having a man who can imitate the call. A good man, using no artificial call, but only his hand, will call down drakes of almost any breed. Sometimes, for instance, you will see a very wary drake settle about two hundred yards off, in order to investigate matters very carefully before committing himself further. If you have a good man, it is very rare for him not to get the drake up, though it may take him a full ten minutes to do so.

The call duck are interesting birds and become most intelligent. The hard work they put in to call up a drake is extraordinary; but if the unfortunate drake is killed, they seem delighted, and begin again. The men who have these ducks speak to them, as we would to a dog, and then the owner goes to pick his duck up. If you want to move to another place, the duck will jump into the boat of her own accord and sit up there till she is wanted again.

They are, however, not all like that, and each one has her mannerisms. Their sight is wonderful, too. You will suddenly see your duck lie quite flat, with her head right down on the water, and not a sound will she make. It is a sure sign there is an eagle or a hawk about. It will sometimes take you some minutes to find him, and then you will see a tiny speck right away in the sky, which your duck has already spotted.

There is certainly a charm about this drake shooting—Nature is so wonderful at that time of the year—but it is a pity it is not forbidden, nevertheless.

On the other hand, people will tell you that the drake does nothing to help the duck to rear her family, and I believe this is true.

The fact is, a poacher with a good call-duck will not only kill a number of drakes, but will also kill a great many ducks; for the drake is not at all particular and will often come to a call-duck, bringing his legitimate spouse with him!

The season for both duck and snipe opens on July 15th. It is really rather early for the duck, as there are generally a great many flappers about, but it is an excellent time for the snipe, for by the end of July the birds will have scattered a good deal. It is possible to enjoy good sport with the snipe until the end of October, but I have rarely made a big bag after the end of July. Of course, one is very much spoiled in Polesia, but when I talk of a big bag, I mean more than fifty to your own gun in the day.

I can remember one year: I was shooting alone, and started with eighty-four, eighty-six and ninety-six in the first three days. As I am a very moderate shot, it may be assumed that there were a great number of snipe about. The ordinary snipe, the solitary snipe, and the jack snipe are found, but the latter only in the late autumn. So much is known about the first and last of these species that I can add nothing to the subject. The solitary snipe, which is bigger than the ordinary snipe, is little known in general and, unfortunately, has decreased considerably in Poland, so I am told by the older generation.

He is very much easier to shoot than the ordinary snipe, as he flies straight and not fast; he is very difficult to put up, and the best way to shoot him is over dogs; he then affords very good sport. Although there must be plenty of water about for the solitary snipe to be at all numerous, he nearly always chooses a dry spot for himself, not far from water, and it must be well covered with grass. It is a curious fact that, on big stretches of such ground, you will sometimes find five or six birds in a patch of only a few square yards; and on continuing to work over similar ground you may not see another for a considerable time.

It seems likely that the slow flight of these birds, and the difficulty in putting them up, is largely due to the amount of flesh they carry. I have never seen birds carry so much fat, and as table birds they are excellent.

No one seems to know much about the habits of the solitary snipe apart from what I have said above. He is in one place one day and gone the next, and no one knows where he goes: he just disappears. He is a bird that would make a very interesting subject to study for an expert ornithologist. I have never shot more than forty solitary snipe in a day, but I believe that before the war big bags were common.

Although there are too many ordinary snipe early in the season to enable one to shoot them over dogs, by August you can do little without a dog, owing to the amount of ground to be covered.

Of course, one does shoot an odd duck or two during this period, but the organised duck shoots do not commence till the very end of August or early September; by that time they are flying well, but are very easy to bring down, as their plumage has not hardened. The method employed to shoot them is as follows:



FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE CHOLLSKE, POLESIA



A PEASANT'S ROOM IN PODOLEN



MALLARD DRAKES COMING TO A CALL DUCK

When the duck flight from their resting place in the evening, the keepers make as many butts as are required; these are occupied before daybreak, and shooting goes on as long as the duck keep coming in or until one has had enough, and as one sometimes shoots more than six hundred cartridges, it is quite easy to reach this point.

I cannot remember duck not continuing to come in whenever there was a good season, and I have always stopped either because I had had enough or because I thought it would be better to stop, with a view to shooting the same place again.

I cannot estimate the number of duck at these shoots; it may be ten thousand or double that number—I really do not know; but there always seem to be as many at the end of the day as at the beginning.

One often goes near the resting place to get a view of the duck fighting off in the evening; they then always go off in one large mass, and the noise they make is a very good imitation of artillery fire. On the other hand, when they flight in they come in small lots. For the first half-hour the shooting is fast and furious, but it goes on steadily for some three or four hours as a rule, and I fancy that any one who cared to stay all day would have shooting to occupy him the whole time. At intervals, of course, there are lulls, when you may not see a duck anywhere; then suddenly you will see a long line on the horizon gradually approaching, and back they all come. After the first half-hour some of the keepers start picking up, but with strict orders not to show themselves more than they can help and to hide altogether if a big lot of duck are coming in.

The picking up is a very important and difficult proposition, to my mind. When I first went to Polesia we used to lose anything from twenty to thirty-five per cent. of the duck claimed to have been shot; and sometimes in very reedy places, or if there was very much water, we lost even more.

But at that time we had not tackled the dog question properly; we did not have enough dogs and used Labradors, which are too big to transport in small boats or peasant carts. We now have springer spaniels, which have proved excellent for every kind of shooting we have; and now, very often not a single bird is lost, provided the guns or their loaders have taken the trouble to mark duck falling in out-of-the-way places.

I do not think one can pick up properly and shoot properly at the same time, and it is far more satisfactory to cease shooting altogether when picking up; besides, I think that, when duck come in then, and see people wandering about on their ground, and are shot at as well, they take a great deal more time to settle down afterwards in their resting places than if you pick up without shooting. But it is a tantalising thing, during the pick up, when suddenly every duck in the country seems bent on coming in again.

Very big bags are made at these earlier shoots; the duck fly just as well then as they do later, but they carry little shot, as they do not get their full plumage till about October 10th; therefore the later shoots, to my mind, are double the pleasure, though they reveal many faults in one's shooting.

When I first went to Polesia I used No. 6 shot in my ordinary

game-guns to shoot duck, and in the early part of the season nothing bigger is required. Now, after many experiments, I use No. 3 in my game-guns and No. 2 in my guns firing 2½ in. and 3 in. cases.

I can remember a very good morning's shoot in November, which is sometimes an excellent month, though one can only hope for a very few days' shooting as the water may freeze at any moment. That year it had already been freezing for some days, but the Pripet was still open, and the keeper told me there were a good number of duck in some water near it. What really decided me to go was an article I had just read, saying what good sport the writer had sometimes had in similar circumstances. I had hoped the weather might be good wildfowling weather, but to my disappointment there was not a breath of wind nor a cloud in the sky, and at that time of the year this generally means a hurried departure on the part of the duck.

There were not a great many duck in the early morning, but still there were enough to keep one warm, and when I had shot some seventy or eighty I sent my loader with a couple of dogs to pick up. Then the duck started coming in faster and faster, and I went on shooting with one gun. It would certainly be my last shoot of the year, so I did not have to think of the next time! Anyhow, I picked up 174 duck, nearly all mallard, and had I not started picking up so early, I am sure I should have shot another fifty or sixty. I have often had bigger days, but never one I enjoyed more. I am glad to say that the number of duck that I shoot has little to do with the pleasure I get.

Some of the days I remember with the greatest satisfaction are often days on which I have shot comparatively few duck—say twenty to thirty—but probably I have shot above my form, or the dogs have worked extra well, with the result that I got home thinking: there is nothing to compare with wildfowling!

I think I have said enough, or perhaps more than enough, to show what a grand sporting country Polesia is. I must, however, just mention the capercaillie shooting in the spring, a form of sport often considered unsportsmanlike in England. I must admit I thought so too until I tried it, much against my natural inclination. On this occasion, having failed dismally in my first three attempts, I realised there was more in it than people think. The stalk over bad ground in very bad light was difficult enough; the shot at a bird sitting on a tree, which seemed so easy, was far from being so. You must first spot your bird, and it is extremely difficult to do so, though he may be very near you; then, having covered perhaps a quarter of a mile or more in leaps and bounds and got stuck in the mud, or fallen over a stump you could not see, and having had to remain absolutely still, sometimes for three or four minutes at a time and not at all in a position of your own choosing—well, just try it, and then tell me what you think about it!

It only remains to say that the elk shooting is perhaps the best in Europe to-day, and the same can be said of the wild boar shooting. There are plenty of wolves, also, and lynx, as well as an occasional bear. However, there is no end to sport in Polesia, but there must be one to this article!

FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY

By FRANCES PITT



SOMERSET RECEIVES BLACKFRIARS

THE tide of evacuation began to flow in our direction on the Friday before England declared war. "Can you bring a car to the schools at 5.30," ran the message, "and take a few of the children to their billets?"

I went as instructed, but there were no children, only some twenty cars in waiting. The train was late. I returned an hour and a half later, to find about seventy little folk being refreshed in the schoolroom with cups of tea and bread and butter. Each one was carefully labelled and clung to a small bundle of belongings and the square box that enclosed a gas mask. Pathetic fingers clutched the boxes as if the masks were talismans that would steer them safely through this long and weary day to some haven, somewhere, some time or other. Two small boys and two girls sat on a school bench with tears running down their faces, but they wept quietly. For the most part the children were too tired and bewildered to cry. They just waited for something to happen. The majority made valiant efforts to drink their tea and eat their bread and butter, but what child could be expected to be lively at the climax of this hectic excursion? They were all tidy, well clothed, and looked as if they had come from good homes.

"Eliza," said I to my companion, "we had better find your four and get them home." Three boys and a girl were collected, plus an emergency ration for each, placed in the car, and off we went, to deliver them to two black and white cottages away in the green fields beneath tall sheltering trees.

Twenty-four hours later came another call, this time for two cars to proceed to the local station and help distribute mothers and tiny tots. We found that some five hundred of them had come and had been taken to a near-by hall, where they were being given refreshments before being helped into a score of waiting 'buses and many private cars for conveyance to their country distributing points. They were from the poorest quarters of the great city of Liverpool. Mothers with babies in arms, and others hardly more than babies trailing at their heels, stood about in groups. Some of these mothers were themselves little more than children, yet they looked old in experience if not in years. The two young women I took away were of good class, most grateful for all that had been done for them and anxious to show that gratitude. All had to be got away, out into a countryside which to these dwellers in dark and narrow streets was a place of vast loneliness and fearsome terrors. Some of them, poor souls, were not, in health or hygiene, well suited for such a translation. But anyhow, they were not being bombed!

Stories of the evacuees began to fly around. These town children, not surprisingly, thought that apples on trees were there for all to pick. But, after all, robbing orchards is one of the oldest juvenile crimes known to man! However, it must be observed that the child from the town proved to be uncommonly thorough in some of his raids, but probably, by next autumn—



"THEY SET OFF TO GET BLACKBERRIES"



"PEEPING INTO THE SWEETSHOPS"

if the Germans are not beaten before—our young visitors may have learned to differentiate between what may and may not be picked.

I walked down the High Street of our little country town, to see evacuees everywhere—children strolling around, peeping into the sweet shops, staring at the market stalls, and running up and down the steps of the houses. At the office of the local authority there were some women who had lost their children, who wanted to change their billets, and even in some cases to get back home.

There was a group in the street that made a good subject for a snapshot, and, having taken one, I asked one of the women where they came from. Merseyside, was the answer, and they must go back at once. The country was dreadful, it was so quiet and so lonely they couldn't stay.

I looked at her gravely and said that we lived in it all the year round and loved it even in winter. Poor soul! I left her sitting on a step in the sunshine,



NEXT DAY: EVACUEES IN BRIDGNORTH



DULWICH COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL GOES FISHING AT THE EVACUATION CAMP AT CRANBROOK, KENT



TALES OF THE SEA TOLD BY THEIR TEACHER ENCHANT YOUNG LONDON EVACUEES AT HYTHE

longing for that narrow dwelling which for her was home.

Within three days she and some like her had gone back, too impatient to give the thing a real trial; but numbers remain, such as the four children I first mentioned. I found them yesterday playing in the cottage garden, happy and contented, and such different children from what they were on the night of their arrival. Already there was new colour in their cheeks. They hugged the dog, they hugged the cat, they ran forth into the orchard to get apples (permitted ones), and then they dressed themselves up with greenery. The little girl made a skirt of marestails tied round her waist with a chain of fancy beads, and stood in smiling delight when I took her photograph. Then they were given baskets and sent off to get blackberries, which they did with cheery willingness. Everything was new to them, and all was lovely. For them the fields and hedges were a wonderland of joys.

A little way off I discovered a small boy very busy trying to help rake some fallen hay off a lane side; and farther along this road another lad was trimming a garden fence.

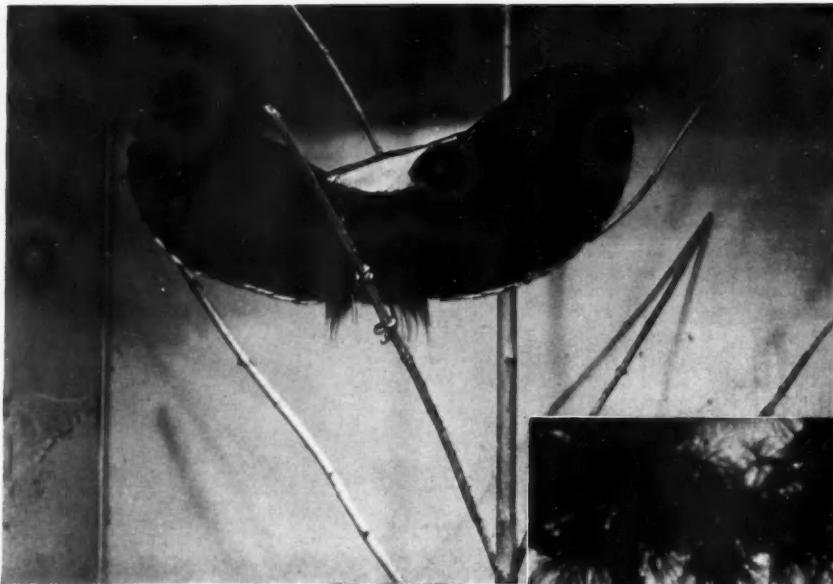
For all these children evacuation will probably be one of the most valuable things that could have happened to them. They have come back to the land at an age when they can learn to appreciate it, when they will learn to understand not only wind and weather, sun and rain, birds, beasts, flowers and insects, but the outlook on life that comes from close contact with the realities of the soil.

And now for another type of evacuee which the fortunes of these difficult times has driven from the luxury of town dwelling, street and park. I mean the one on four legs, such as the pet dog and pet cat. For the dog whose morning run, at the best, has been round the square or in the park, it is an amazing change to find limitless fields peopled with countless rabbits after which it is possible to run and run. But I think the greatest surprise that awaited a certain dog visitor was the discovery of a cat that not only refused to run away but used an armed paw with good effect. It is really dreadful the things that happen in the countryside!

To return from the lighter side of things to the grave one of this deluge of towns women and children, as seen in southern Shropshire—there are still many adjustments to be made; it is seldom happy to share one's home with a stranger, but we are at war, and with good will and a true sense of the urgency of the need much will be accomplished.

BIRD COURTSHIP

OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF A VERY COMPLICATED SUBJECT



New York Zoological Society

A RIFLE BIRD (BIRD OF PARADISE) IN DISPLAY LOOKING LIKE A GIGANTIC BUTTERFLY

MOST of us have at some time or another watched a drake mallard bobbing his head up and down in the water in front of a duck, or have seen the stately march of the peacock with train erect. What is their object? Are they simply attracting their mates, "courting" them in the literal sense of the word? So it was thought at one time; but now that detailed studies have been made in the behaviour and habits of birds, difficulties in the way of this are encountered at every turn; if, for instance, we were to keep the mallard under observation for a whole season, we should see that the male does not cease to display to his mate when he has "won" her, but goes on; we should see also that the duck is no passive spectator of his efforts, but is an active if less conspicuous performer herself; and facts like these have made it impossible to keep to the old ideas, so that naturalists have had to revise their beliefs not a little.

Put briefly, the modern theory of bird courtship has its roots in the study of the life of a bird as a whole. For most of the year birds are busy with getting their food and avoiding their enemies; the welfare of their fellows concerns them not at all. But in spring every bird undergoes a tremendous upheaval, a real revolution in its daily life it must

find a mate and pair, a nest must be built, eggs laid and incubated, and its family brought up: duties to which it has, up to now, given no thought at all. Some means must naturally be found to start off this new way of life—and herein lies the importance of the courtship ceremonies, which are held to be the "stimulus," stirring up both the bird displaying and the bird displayed to, so that they are prompted to begin and carry on with the arduous and revolutionary tasks of the breeding period. In other words, the display and courtship are designed for some deeper purpose than the immediate attraction of female by male, although this certainly enters into it as well, and is an important part of the whole proceedings. Display is



CEREMONIAL HANDING OVER OF NESTING MATERIAL BY A MALE HERON



A TRIO OF OYSTER-CATCHERS PIPING

the awakener of the maternal and breeding instincts of the bird, and when it is carried on, as with many birds beyond the very early part of the season, it acts as an encouragement to go on with their task.

When we come to enquire into the methods used by different birds we find a variety of techniques and a diversity of means that is almost staggering. In many, the whole performance is left to the male, and where this is the case he usually limits his share of the breeding activities to the courtship, so that he has no need to hide himself, since he is not to share in the cares of the family, and can afford to let himself go in the matter of bright plumes and adornments to help on the effectiveness of his display.



M. Rutten

TWO BLACKCOCKS SETTING AT ONE ANOTHER IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY

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Most conspicuous are the Paradise birds of New Guinea, whose males have a splendour almost unrivalled in the animal kingdom, and show off their beauty by displays and dances quite worthy of their appearance, ranging from the arching up of brilliant yellow plumes in the great bird of Paradise to the fantastic ballet dance with wings outstretched of the rifle bird.

Where male and female are alike there is nearly always a mutual display in which both take their share, often an equal share, so that their similarity seems to be a matter of temperament and not merely of outward appearance; the more so as they share equally the other duties of the breeding season.

Very interesting are the ceremonies of the common heron, where the courtship and the building of the nest are bound up together, the male handing sticks to his mate in a ceremonial manner; so here the stimulus to breed is provided by a telescoping of the courtship preliminaries into the next stage of the breeding. Penguins, storks, grebes, and albatrosses are only a few which have this mutual courtship—very often accompanied by elaborate dances or bowing ceremonies.

There are other displays, particularly interesting, where whole groups display together in a communal performance, the idea behind the gathering probably being "mass stimulation"—the members of the group are more affected in the presence of others than by a solitary or a mutual performance. There are several types of these communal gatherings; one of the best known is the "lek" of the blackcock, where bands of males gather, and each selects a little territory where he fights with his neighbour; the leks are visited by the greyhens, who are courted assiduously by all males present, who have a distinct display for their benefit and another for setting at their rivals.

Other birds have communal rites where both male and female take part, often in elaborate dances where all combine for the common good, without any fighting; these are typical of many of our own sea birds, such as the razorbill and guillemot, and some of the gulls. A very curious communal display is a peculiarity of some of the wading birds, which quite often associate together

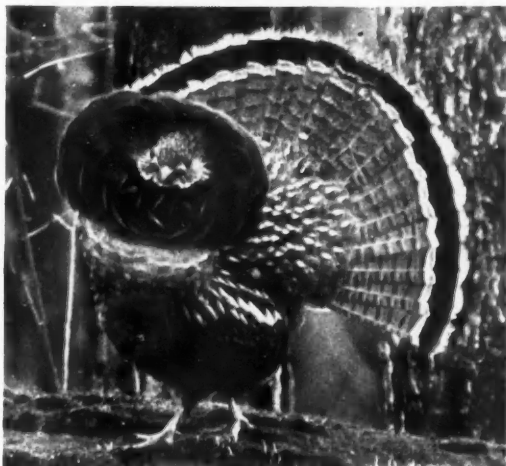
in small parties of three or more; among these is the oyster-catcher, which indulges in piping concerts, all the performers standing close together with their heads down, piping hard; sometimes a whole flock will take it up, and once one begins others nearly always follow suit.

A few birds have special display grounds, little clear spaces where the males carry out their rites; very striking among these is the celebrated lyre-bird of Australia; each male has several little clear mounds in the forest, where he shows off his amazing tail plumes, throwing them over his back in a canopy so that they completely cover his body; all the while he keeps up a never-ending series of imitations of every conceivable noise of the forest as well as a vigorous song of his own.

Quite as strange, but in a different way, are the display grounds of the tiny manakins of the South American forests, where groups of the brightly coloured males come together, and each clears a little space where he dances, and to which he tries to attract a female. These display grounds reach their most elaborate development in the bower birds with their extraordinary structures of sticks, in some an inverted arch and in others almost a little house and garden; some suppose that these have gone beyond the stage of a true courtship performance and have become largely "recreational."

By no means all displays are associated with the breeding activities—quite a number are designed purely to frighten off enemies, and to make the bird seem larger and more formidable than it really is, just as a cat swells itself out when it arches up in front of a dog. There may be quite elaborate ornaments used purely for attack—as we find in the ruffed grouse of America with a spectacular ruff on its neck, nothing at all to do with the courtship, and simply used for attack. Frequently, however, a display may serve two purposes—be bound up with the breeding and only used at that time, but be purely for the purpose of driving or warning off a rival male from the nesting ground; that is believed to be the object of the nuptial flights of many wading birds, and it comes out clearly in the setting of the blackcock at one another on the leks.

C. R. STONOR.



A. Allen

A MALE RUFFED GROUSE READY TO ATTACK

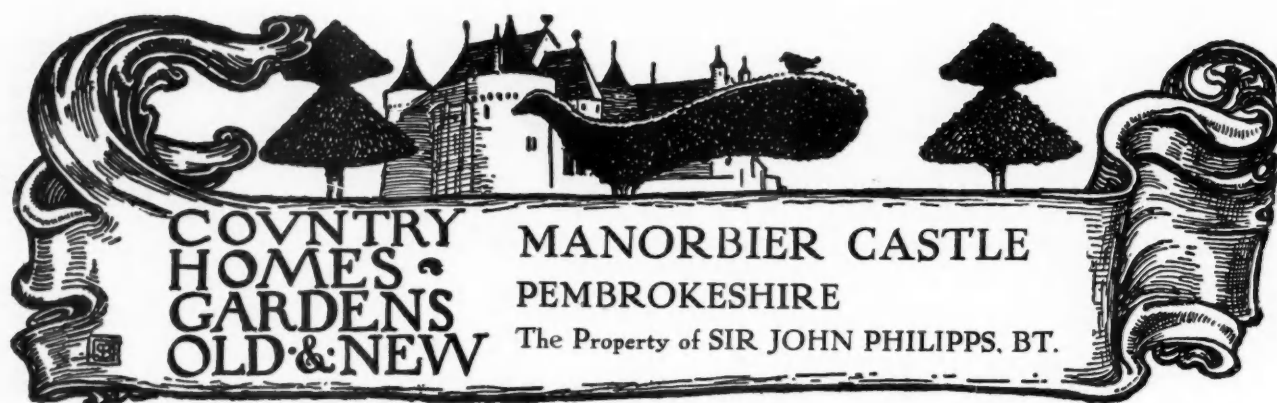
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R. T. Littlejohns

A MALE LYRE-BIRD, WITH THE TAIL SPREAD IN A CANOPY OVER THE BACK, SEEN FROM IN FRONT

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Built by de Barrys in about 1160, and altered a century later. Giraldus Cambrensis was born here and has left a charming description of Manorbier as it was in about 1170.

THE pleasant feeling of remoteness, so acceptable in these days, is better found in the recesses of Pembrokeshire than perhaps anywhere in England or Wales. It is not the barren remoteness of the Cardiganshire mountains, but none the less real for fairly frequent white-washed villages, and sudden sights of a very blue sea over gorse-topped dykes. It is this intrusive sea that is most responsible for this feeling of far-awayness. The long arms of the sea and innumerable muddy creeks running into them make Pembrokeshire distances long, so that, where the crow might fly ten miles, the car has forty to go and you feel you have come a very long way. But you also feel that you have arrived somewhere, and not, as is apt to happen at the back of beyond, that it is all the tail end of the place you last went through. Pembrokeshire has all the attributes of an island but that of being surrounded by water: a wind-swept landscape of its own, with the tang of the sea about it, people unmistakably English after the Celts to north and east, churches with tall towers instead of the unchanging Welsh chapels, and innumerable castles.

All these impressions, of course, are simply aspects of the

historical fact summed up in the popular soubriquet of Pembrokeshire, "Little England beyond Wales." It is still an English outpost in a racially alien land, a "pale" much more marked than that of Dublin, with which it has scenically much in common. The English faces, the church towers and castles, are witnesses to the thoroughness of its colonisation eight centuries ago, and so marked is the cleavage that there were until lately villages on the "frontier" in which the people on one side of the street did not know those on the other, because they were "foreigners."

The Pembrokeshire castles founded by Arnulf of Montgomery's followers after the landing in Milford Haven in 1090 differ in one obvious respect from the garrison fortresses established in the thirteenth century. They are all, or nearly all, on harbours or coves of the sea, marking how the Norman invaders came and maintained their communications, as distinct from the purpose of the Angevins to cut up and dominate the Welsh hinterland.

Manorbier—*maenor pyr*, the manor of the lords (or peers)—between Pembroke and Tenby, is a typical castle of the coastal fringe, the more attractive for the preservation not only of so



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1.—THE APPROACH FROM THE EAST, WITH THE SEA AT THE END OF THE VALLEY

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2.—FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. LAKES FILLED THE BOTTOM OF THE VALLEYS



3.—THE COURTYARD FROM THE GATEHOUSE, SHOWING THE CHAPEL AND HALL BUILDINGS





5.—THE GATEHOUSE AND DRAWBRIDGE



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6.—STAIRS TO THE CHAPEL ABOVE THE SEA GATE

much of its structure and of its intact setting, but of a detailed portrait of life there in the twelfth century. Gerald de Barry, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis, or Gerald of Wales, Archdeacon of Brecon and the author of the famous "Itinerary of Wales," was a son of the house. His description of his home's setting in about 1170 is not only still recognisable but charming:

The castle called Maenor Pyrr is excellently well defended by turrets and bulwarks, and is situated on the summit of a hill extending on the west side towards the sea port, having on the northern and southern sides a fine fish pond under its walls, as conspicuous for its grand appearance as for the depth of its waters, and a beautiful orchard on the same side enclosed on one part by a vineyard and on the other by a wood remarkable for the projection of its rocks and the height of its hazel trees. On the right of the promontory, between the castle and the church, near the site of a very large lake and mill, a rivulet of never failing water flows through the valley rendered sandy by the violence of the winds. Towards the west the Severn Sea, bending its course to Ireland, enters a hollow bay at some distance from the castle, and the southern rocks, if extended a little farther towards the north, would render it a most excellent harbour for shipping. From this point of sight you will see almost all the ships of Great Britain, which the east wind carries to the Irish coast, daringly brave the constant waves and raging sea.

This country is well supplied with corn, sea-fish, and imported wines, and what is preferable to every other advantage, from its vicinity to Ireland is tempered by salubrious air. . . . Thus it is evident that Maenor Pyrr is the pleasantest spot in Wales; and the author may be pardoned for having thus extolled his native soil, his genial territory, with profusion of praise and admiration.

Gerald was the youngest of five sons of William of Barry, the son of Odo of Barry in Glamorganshire who was one of the original Norman settlers. His mother, Angharad, was the daughter of Gerald de Windsor, Castellan of Pembroke, whose magnificent defence of that castle in 1097-98 saved the new colony, and whose wife Nesta was a sister of the princely Welsh family of Gruffydd ap Rhys. Thus Gerald and his brothers were a quarter Welsh. He tells us how, when he and his brothers played on the sands at Manorbier, they would build castles and walled towns, but he churches and monasteries. This early predilection was noticed by his uncle, the Bishop of St. David's, who took the boy to live with him at Lamphey and educated him. After studying at Paris and making his way as a scholar and administrator, he found himself again at Manorbier in about 1170, when, in all probability, his elder brother had recently completed the Castle much as we see it.

The great fish-ponds in which Gerald took such pride have disappeared, but it is easy to see where they lay on either side of the Castle (Fig. 2), formed by damming up the stream that still forms a marsh on the north side and which doubtless worked the mill. The valley, too, is still sandy, and the road soon loses itself in the sands of the cove, whence a track ascends to the sea gate of the Castle. The orchard and vineyard must have been beyond the northern lake, where now there are cultivated fields, unless they lay before the landward gate (Fig. 1), where massive ruins show that there was a considerable fore-building, larger than a barbican, forming a small outer ward. A moat still separates it from the gate-house.

There is none of Odo's original castle, which consisted probably in only a "motte and bailey." As reconstructed by Gerald's brother, in about 1170, the Castle is a slightly irregular rectangle in a single ward, without a keep but with a good strong gate-house and a strong round tower at the south-east angle, the most exposed corner (Fig. 1). In general arrangement it has more in common with the defensible Bishop's Palace at St. David's than with the real fortress of Pembroke. That is to say, Manorbier is to be regarded rather as a large fortified country house of the twelfth century, a progenitor of Stokesay and Haddon and Bodiam, than as a castle. A curtain wall surrounds the court, with the dwelling-house at the west end, opposite the gate-house (Fig. 3). This consists of two distinct portions, of different dates. The earlier, to the right in the illustration, consists of a



7.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE COURT: THE GATEHOUSE AND MODERN COTTAGE

first-floor hall and great chamber, the latter with a floor above it probably for the ladies, the two storeys corresponding together to the height of the wall. Hall and great chamber have cellars beneath them with semicircular barrel vaults. The hall is reached by an external stair and entered by a thick, round-headed arch (Fig. 8).

In the late twelve-hundreds this accommodation was added to, evidence of the rising standard of comfort. Another block of living-rooms was built at the opposite, south, end of the hall, consisting of a new great chamber set at right angles to the hall, *i.e.* east and west, and above the west gateway, where it is lit by a two-light window (Fig. 4). From the south-west corner of this new room a passage runs in the thickness of the curtain wall, still roofed with stone slabs and lit by loops, leading

to a garde-robe; another passage from the south-east corner forms a lobby to a fine chapel. The chapel building, with its original roof, is seen towards the left of Fig. 3. It is set at an angle to the outer curtain, leaving a small triangular yard between. It has a pointed vault (Fig. 10), a large window above the altar, and well preserved side windows, one of which was filled in at some subsequent date with a fireplace. Below it is another cellar. An external stair gives access to the chapel partly blocking the sea gate (Fig. 6).

The kitchen, at any rate after the alterations of *circa* 1260, was against the north curtain at right angles to and adjoining the hall and old great chamber block, where the well and a massive chimney stack can be seen in Fig. 3. A continuous gallery runs along the curtain, screened by battlements, and



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8.—FROM THE HALL LOOKING INTO THE COURT



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9.—THE WAY UP TO THE ROUND TOWER

the subsidiary buildings are set slightly back from it. This is well seen in the surviving and still habitable group of buildings at the south-east corner, where there is a narrow court (Fig. 9) between domestic buildings and curtain, partly occupied by the stairs to the round north-east tower. Both the round tower and the gate-house are tolerably intact. North of the gate-house the curtain wall was evidently found to be not high enough, so a high screen strengthened by buttresses was

added, probably in the thirteenth century (Fig. 7). The cylindrical chimney shafts surviving in such large numbers are, of course, coeval with the insertion of the fireplaces, probably in the sixteenth century.

This was, no doubt, an attempt by one of the later owners of Manorbier, to which no important alteration was made after 1300, to bring the old castle up to date. The de Barrys held



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10.—THE CHAPEL

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it continuously till 1399, when Sir David, a partisan of Richard II, fell under the displeasure of Henry IV. Thenceforward Manorbier had absentee lords, being given to successive favourites of Lancaster and York who rarely forsook more pressing engagements elsewhere to visit their remote castle on the sea. It had no permanent holder till Queen Elizabeth sold it to Sir Thomas Owen of Trelwlyn, who probably put in the fireplaces. But the Owens, also, preferred their manor house and

made no attempt, as did Sir John Perrott at Carew, to reconstruct the Castle to Elizabethan standards. They left it to crumble slowly away, and it passed to the Philipps family, who have their own splendid castle of Picton. About fifty years ago the Castle was let to a Mr. Cobb, a solicitor from Brecon, who fitted up the north-east corner as a simple but covetable seaside cottage—a purpose for which it is still used. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

WAR-TIME COOKERY: WAYS WITH RABBIT

IF you live in the country and have evacuees billeted on you, rabbit should be included at least once in the weekly menu. Just at present the corn is being cut and rabbits run out in all directions from the ever-shrinking patch in the middle of the field. They are young, and therefore at their very best for cooking purposes, and if you don't kill them yourself you can get them from farmers or cottagers for sixpence apiece, already skinned and trussed or jointed.

The first rule about rabbit is: don't ask the people who are going to eat it whether they like it or not. So many people have an idiotic idea that the very thought makes them sick, either because they have never had it properly cooked or because they are well read in Beatrix Potter and can't bear to think of devouring the Flopsy Bunnies. Now if you take trouble and plonk a really appetising dish of rabbit before these people at lunch time, they will eat it up without a murmur, just as they would eat "bœuf" à la mode made from their favourite hunters if they were kept in ignorance of the awful truth.

Mrs. Packford, the wife of a gardener in our village, was a cook before she married, and still does a bit for people round about in her spare time. I dined one day with some local "week-enders," and we had the following delicious casserole which I shall call:

RABBIT PACKFORD.—Heat some bacon fat in a casserole and throw in a finely sliced onion and two or three diced carrots. Cook ten minutes with the lid on, then remove from stove and work in a slightly heaped dessertspoonful of rice or potato flour. Return to stove and add milk and water, or stock, to make a rather runny sauce. Stir well to prevent lumps forming.

Meanwhile fry a jointed rabbit in bacon fat (or lard) for ten minutes in a frying-pan, turning each piece over once. Add the rabbit to the casserole when the sauce boils and pour in the fat in which it cooked. Add a good bunch of herbs (with two bay leaves) and a blade of mace. Cover with the lid and put in a slow oven for two hours. Ten minutes before serving you can stir in a wineglassful of red wine or a little sherry if you can spare it.

Another excellent cook in our parish is Mrs. Ayres, the farmer's wife. I have had meals up at Britchcombe Farm which I have enjoyed as much as any in Paris. This is the way she deals with the rabbits that her son George brings in:

RABBIT AYRES.—Joint the rabbit, rub the pieces well in seasoned flour and fry them in bacon fat in an iron pot (or any heavy saucepan) fast for ten minutes, then reduce the heat and cook a further half-hour, turning the pieces occasionally.

Meanwhile make a stuffing with a quarter-pound of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped herbs, and the liver and kidneys of the rabbit lightly fried and finely chopped. One or two chopped or crumbled bacon rashers over from breakfast can also be added, and fried chopped mushrooms when obtainable. Season well with salt and pepper and bind with an egg and a little

melted bacon fat. Form into small flat round cakes, flour them well and fry in bacon fat or lard in a frying-pan. Serve the rabbit and the forcemeat cakes together in the same dish.

And while we are on English ways of cooking rabbit we must not forget the traditional way: boiled with onion sauce (my father's favourite dish), which I will include here because one so seldom gets it properly done.

BOILED RABBIT, ONION SAUCE.—Have the rabbit trussed. Bring plenty of water to the boil in a large saucepan, add an onion cut in half, a sliced carrot, some salt and black peppercorns. Put in the rabbit, bring to the boil again, then reduce heat and simmer one hour, or until the flesh comes easily away from the bones.

Meanwhile make a really super onion sauce like this: Simmer two good-sized sliced onions in a pint of milk and water mixed, with a blade of mace and seasoning, till perfectly tender. Work them through a sieve. Make a white sauce with margarine, flour, and the liquid in which the onions cooked. Stir smooth, bring to the boil and simmer fifteen minutes. Then stir in the onion purée. Sit the boiled rabbit in the middle of your serving dish, coat it with the sauce, and serve the rest in a sauceboat. Save the stock from the rabbit to make a white soup.

Unlike the majority of English people, the French treat the rabbit with respect. Here are some delicious French recipes for cooking it:

LAPIN AU CARI.—Fry a jointed rabbit in bacon fat or lard for five minutes, turning the pieces over once. Add a minced onion and clove of garlic and a heaped teaspoonful of tinned tomato purée. Cook a few minutes longer, then add a heaped teaspoonful of curry powder and work in a level tablespoonful of flour. Add gradually enough stock or water barely to cover the rabbit, put the lid on and simmer slowly for forty minutes. Serve with plain boiled rice and runner beans, or a green salad.

LAPIN SAUTE MINUTE.—Joint one or two small young rabbits and fry them for fifteen minutes in hot bacon fat or margarine (one cannot mention butter for cooking any more!). Season with salt and pepper and add a minced shallot. Cook three minutes longer, then add a tablespoonful of stock or water and the strained juice of a small lemon. Arrange on serving dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

LAPIN EN CASSEROLE.—A dish for eight people. Rub two jointed rabbits in flour and fry five minutes in bacon fat or lard, turning each piece once. Lay the pieces in a big casserole and add the juice of a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of chopped mixed herbs, two sliced onions, a crushed clove of garlic, two blades of mace, a good sprinkling each of salt and grated nutmeg, a few black peppercorns, a small onion stuck with cloves (to be removed before serving), and two wineglassfuls of red wine or sherry (if you can spare them). Just cover everything with hot water, put on the lid, bring to the boil over an asbestos mat, then put in a slow oven for two hours. PENELOPE CHETWODE.

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

ALL QUIET ON THE RURAL FRONT

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

AT the first shock of war the conviction we all held was that our normal life had ceased definitely and that we must be up and doing something to help. For one week, therefore, some of us have been doing nothing, for the simple reason that there was nothing for us to do until the order came; and as there was no immediate call to man the trenches with rifles, many went instead with hay-forks to the fields of the farmers, who are now scratching their heads and wondering how three weeks of corn and hay carting has been carried out in seven days. It has not all been done with that leisurely carefulness that is the keystone of southern farming, and wagons have gone up the lanes shedding sheaves all the way; but one way and another all the cut corn is in, and time is now available to deal with the barley and roots.

We are beginning to realise that the best policy for the time being is an attempt to return to normal conditions, or to use the latest dreadful word, "normalcy," and so the Buckhounds met as usual, though the field was small and elderly. Rivers that have been unflogged for ten days or more are receiving some attention, and several uniformed anglers have been at work on the Club stretches of the Wylde and Avon. Owing to the good head of water in the streams due to the summer rains, weed is not the problem it has been during the last few years, and well conditioned fish have been feeding steadily during the hours of daylight; but the question of waiting for the night rise is complicated now by the prospect of a drive home in the dark. We felt sure there would be some drawbacks in war-time, and this is one of them.

* * *

Autumn this year is lagging and, except for late morning mists and a hint of russet in the bracken, there is no very obvious portent that we are now at the fall of the year. Owing to the general wetness of the summer and the soft warmth of these September days there is no sign yet of autumn tints in the woods, and the heather and heath still remain in bloom. Already, however, the first of our summer migrants have gone, and one no longer hears the soft complaining note of the chiff-chaff in the orchard, nor does one see the plum-coloured Dartford warblers flirting their tails among the gorse bushes where they had their nests this year.

In all the books on birds the Dartford warbler is referred to as a "rare and uncommon visitor," and this suggests that most of the standard works are revised editions of volumes written in the 'eighties and 'nineties, and matters have changed considerably since then. Some birds that were extremely common some thirty or forty years ago have now become almost scarce, while others that were rare are to be seen in flocks. The most notable change in this respect is, of course, the goldfinch, who to-day flits among thistles on the downs in his hundreds, whereas forty years ago the only certain place for seeing this vivid little finch was a small wire cage on the cottage wall. This, of course, is the explanation of his increase in numbers, as trapping of goldfinches for the bird market was a recognised Sunday employment in all country districts until legislation wisely put a stop to it. There is, however, no obvious explanation of the increase in Dartford warblers, but the fact remains that they are now far more common on some gorse lands than the whin and stone chats who previously occupied the bushes to the exclusion of all others.

* * *

It is difficult to find anything that has benefited from the outbreak of war except, possibly, those members of the permanent unemployed who have now found work at £7 per week, and the partridges. On the whole, the coveys have had a very easy time this first week of September, for there was a general postponement of shooting parties throughout the land and, what is more serious for the small

farmer, a cancellation of leases for syndicate shoots. In this part of the world small farms are general; some are owned by the farmers themselves, while others are let with the sporting rights, and the disposal of these sporting rights brought in a very useful little sum to help balance the budget. In many cases the price paid was out of all proportion to the game-holding possibilities of the land, but in a countryside of small holdings and many syndicates there are several Naboth's vineyards that are coveted—not so much for the game they may hold but for the awkward salient they might constitute if acquired by a neighbouring and rival shoot.

* * *

Owing to the dimming of car lights there have been several cases of New Forest ponies being killed or maimed on the roads, and the suggestion has been made that the animals should be painted with white stripes to make them more conspicuous! This question of Forest ponies and casualties caused by car traffic is a perennial topic of correspondence in the Press, and it is frequently urged that there should be a speed limit of twenty miles an hour within the confines of the Forest, in the interests of the grazing animals. It might be argued that as the Forest is a beauty spot, it is only reasonable that cars should travel through it at a slow speed to enable people to enjoy the scenery; but on the other hand it must be remembered that there are upwards of fifty miles of main roads running through it and that some of the stretches are over ten miles in length. There are omnibus services that have to keep to a time-table, lorries that must run to schedule, commercial travellers with five towns to visit before nightfall, and above all the inevitable owner of the red sports car who ran back to London from Bournemouth in three hours and ten minutes last week-end and who hopes to do it in even time on this occasion. A speed limit is one thing, but the ability to enforce it another.

* * *

Also in winter time, when the grazing is scarce or practically non-existent on the high lands, the ponies are not to be found on the Forest itself, but along the grass edges of the main roads many miles from its boundaries. This opens up another cause for complaint, for the New Forest pony is an expert in fence-breaking, and the farmers in the vicinity hold the view that grazing rights in the Forest really mean grazing at the expense of others. It is bad enough when a herd of ten ponies have a free feed in a grass pasture, but all too frequently the feed takes place in the winter wheat. Then there are garden-lovers, who toil year in and year out throughout the hours of daylight in their flowerbeds, rock gardens and lawns, and who come out one moist spring morning to find a dozen ponies disporting themselves on a lawn that looks like a very passable imitation of Cahirmee green after the annual horse fair.

* * *

A type that, so far, has not made its presence felt this war is the amateur spy-detector who was so well to the fore in the early days of 1914. Not a word has been said about mysterious yachtsmen who lurked about our coastal defences, of householders who constructed concrete tennis courts that were really foundations for hostile heavy guns, nor of mysterious signalling with lights to enemy submarines and aircraft. For this we should be profoundly grateful, as, if there was one thing that made the first few weeks of the last War intolerable, it was those well meaning but bloodthirsty old ladies and gentlemen who saw spies everywhere. I shall never forgive the old white-haired individual with the sweet, benign expression on his face, who sent three of my raw Dorset recruits out to shoot the shepherd, who was tending his sheep with the aid of a lantern. Luckily, the shepherd only sustained a slight flesh wound in the thigh, but the description of the wounds he proposed to inflict on the spy-detector when he recovered was sufficient to account for one hurried evacuation to a safer district!



PONIES AT A NEW FOREST WATERING-PLACE

THE FUTURE OF COUNTRY CRAFTSMEN

A HUNGARIAN SURVEYS
THE PROBLEM OF
LEISURE

By ZOLTAN POHARNOK

HAVING collected material for a survey of the traditional craftsman's position in Britain, I give here a short *résumé* of my impressions. There is obviously a problem and one that is worth more serious thought than it usually receives from those with a sentimental affection for tradition. Tradition is history, but craftsmanship is one of the most important elements of national life.

When I came to this country to study rural life, I knew that my Continental experiences would not help me very much. In south-eastern Europe I was dealing with popular art, such as does not exist in England. The industrial revolution was complete a century ago, and even agriculture is so far mechanised that we do not find village life as we see it in many parts of Europe.

Those countries are poor. Thus the population of villages cannot afford to buy everything ready-made, which means that people must produce all they can at home. The conditions once universal still prevail. The peasants, retaining their hereditary skill and inventive spirit, have no difficulty in resolving their little problems. There is a slow transformation going on, and so crafts, as such, will disappear to a certain extent. But as the population has very strong and personal tastes, it will take very long before mass-production will be accepted.

Having visited several counties in England and Wales, and numerous workshops, one thing struck me very forcibly. I found that country folk buy all their implements ready-made. To meet this demand, specialisation must have long been practised, for most of the rural specialists are already extinct. However, I met a rake-maker in Suffolk and plenty of besom-makers in different counties. Rake and besom making as specialised crafts strike me as very strange. In Hungary, Rumania or Greece,



peasants make their own rakes and besoms. The rake-maker whom I met here was very pessimistic. He told me that his craft has no future; factories will very shortly swallow his little workshop. His livelihood will die before him. Not so the besom-makers. They are working to capacity, and whatever they produce they can easily sell. While the rake-maker sells his jobs to wholesalers, besom-makers receive their orders directly from the customers, among whom the L.C.C. is the most important.

A hurdle-maker whom I visited was in his "workshop," which is a fine birch wood. There he cuts the rod and there he makes the hurdle. Watching him at work, I soon noticed that his craft is extremely hard work and not one on which a fortune can be made. But my man is satisfied. He enjoys living in the open air, and he does not understand why he cannot get youngsters to learn his most traditional of crafts. From the earliest times of human history we meet the wattle and hurdle everywhere in Europe. In Asia Minor I saw, a few years ago, a most interesting example of its use. Walking in Turkey, I found a little village where all the houses were made of hurdle, covered with clay only on the inner side of the "wall." These hurdle walls are of still earlier origin than the piece of Roman wall which I have seen in Salisbury.

Touring in Suffolk, I met a harness-maker who works with his son. It was interesting to hear that they have plenty to do. The shoeing-smiths all told me that the number of horses is rapidly decreasing in this country. For instance, one said that five years ago he shod about two hundred horses in a year, but now he has hardly more than fifty. On the other hand, our harness-maker is always busy, so much so that when, not long ago, he had an order from America, he could not accept it.

Not far from his village I saw another interesting man. He is a flint-knapper, working at Brandon. I saw plenty of fine flint walls, and I was interested to see how these dressed flints are fashioned. As I went into his workshop—in which one can hardly turn round (it is the smallest shop I can imagine)—I noticed that the small flints are certainly not for wall decoration. And soon I learned that they are for export to China and Africa, and they will be used in old-style rifles and pistols. It would be difficult to

From top to bottom—

A RAKE-MAKER'S YARD

THE RAKE-MAKER

CLOGS

A FLINT-KNAPPER AT WORK



HERSTMONCEUX TRUGS

say how long this craft will survive, but I am afraid it will not be very long. It is a pity, because on the Continent I have not seen anything like it, so this representative of Stone Age craftsmanship is certainly a characteristically English craft.

Another new kind of craft—new to me—was trug basket-making. This I found in Herstmonceux, Sussex. The first trug was made in this village about a hundred years ago, in the same village and in the same workshop where they still make the same shape. In the village there are only three or four trug-makers, and one cannot find trug-makers anywhere else in this country. This unique type of basket is easily sold not only in this country but also abroad, chiefly in Canada. On the Continent I have not seen trug-makers or trugs.

In South Wales I made acquaintance with some fine wood-turners. This craft is said to have been imported from Switzerland in very early times, and found a good soil in this woody land, where sycamore was and still is the preferred material for the turner. Although some workshops have disappeared in recent decades, those who carry on are doing fairly well. Their products are well known in the neighbourhood, but they sell their bowls in the towns. This proves that the village folk do not need them. I am sorry for the craftsman who works for a fashion that may be superseded.

The clog-maker whom I found in South-west Wales is in a somewhat similar position. Clogs originally were used by villagers on rainy days, and still are in Lancashire mill towns. The man I met makes a shape called "Queen" because he sent several pairs to Rumania for the late Queen Marie. His customers are mostly amateur gardeners nowadays. It would not matter, but city people are rather capricious and they can be quickly tired of a fashion. For whom will the clog-maker work then?

Quilting is a most interesting subject. Originally it was very near to what we call popular art. In Cardiff, in the Welsh Museum, I saw some beautiful old quilts. At the beginning of our century, however, it was going out of fashion. It was taken for granted that the art of quilting belongs to the past, but after the War, with some semi-official assistance, people took it up again, and now we can say that it is a genuine and living home industry. In the Rhondda centre (Porth) the quilters have plenty to do, and among their customers we find many well known names. This craft, I think, comes from the East. In India and China as well as in



MAKING HURDLES

Persia we see quilting being used in various forms and since the very earliest times.

These few examples show that there still are living crafts in this country. The question is: which and how many of them will survive in their present form? Also, how can craftsmanship be helped over the thousands of undeniable difficulties? It would take too long to discuss this in detail here, but, to a stranger such as myself, one broad fact stands out.

Visiting English villages, I saw several things which I do not like: things which may account for the loss of several workshops. The general complaint of the villagers is that youth feels bored.

This is a tragedy, because the bored youth does his best to leave the village for somewhere else. And where there is no youth there is no life.

In every village I found cinemas. For the entertainment of those who do not like the movies, there are the playing fields, the village hall, and the public-house. This helps me to understand why youth is bored. First of all, when men are doing hard physical work all day, they do not need physical exercise. They want something to keep their minds fresh and busy. And, unconsciously, being thirsty for some kind of intellectual experience, they go to the cinema. What do they see there? Are they cultured enough to see the art of acting and the art of photography in the films? No. They see only artificial luxury, love-stories, bandits, or sophisticated morality. Nothing which has a bearing on their natural way of life. Consequently they do not "find their place." They come out tired, longing for the far-away "beauties" of life or bemused by banditry. And next morning they start again their daily life, passive in the mind and empty in their hearts. Sports give them an opportunity to develop their individual qualities. They are proud of their records,

but what, I ask un-Englishly, is the good of it? It is a physical exercise, but what they really want is something creative.

On the Continent, in the poor countries, the young villagers go with their fathers to the fields, and also help them in repairing their implements. I saw how proud they are of their work. Being proud of their skill, they want to develop it in their little free time. The craftsman's workshop is always a wonderland. They go there to watch how jobs are done, become acquainted with the necessary tools and the way to use them. Very often they cannot afford to buy the same tool, so they construct something



AT THE HARNESS-MAKER'S



WELSH TREEN



QUILTING

which can be used for the same purpose, and they sincerely admire the skilled craftsman. Not being ignorant in the crafts, they are critics, too. In their homes we find the most ingenious little inventions, which are the result of individual experimenting. Thus village life—at least, in the east and south of Europe—backward as it would seem to a visitor from England, is full of absorbing interests.

Only a few of the larger villages in these remote countries have a cinema or village hall. In spite or because of this, people are never bored. Little pleasures are the real pleasures in their life. They sing their old songs as well as the new ones, they wear new dresses, but, at least on Sundays, they wear their old, beautiful costumes and they play their own games. On the basis of what I have seen in nine countries, I can say that the more a country is industrialised, the less the village folk feel happy, and the more they have to fall back on mechanical entertainment. Life being

over-organised and super-mechanised, the individuality of men and women is reduced to the minimum. Their freedom looks like that of the bird which is left free in the garden because its wings are cut. Mechanised life means, sooner or later, mechanised minds, dull and bored.

But I was greatly reassured when, the other day, I visited the exhibition of an arts and crafts school. There I saw that in this country the present generation can produce marvellous work with the right encouragement. If those pupils could spend a few months in rural workshops, thus showing young villagers how craftsmanship gives the pleasure of creation, I am sure it would do a lot of good. It would not cost much, and, if systematically carried out, the result would be really worth the trouble.

I am told such ideas are revolutionary. Yes. But action is always revolutionary. Without action we cannot hope for anything but death.

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

BATTLES LONG AGO

LAST week, in search of some soothing and easy-going literature, I took down from the shelf Dr. Tulloch's "Life of Tom Morris" and opened the book at random. It opened at the great foursome tournament—I think the first open amateur tournament ever held—which took place at St. Andrews in 1857. The prize of a silver claret jug was won by an English club, Blackheath, but with two good Scotsmen as its representatives, Mr. George Glennie and Lieutenant James Campbell Stewart of Fasnacloich, who thus made Blackheath, in the proud language of the club minutes, "the champion golf club of the world." Captain Stewart, as he afterwards became, was obviously a mighty golfer, for he habitually had the temerity to play Allan Robertson on level terms, and four years before this tournament he had won the autumn medal with a score of 90, nine strokes better than the medal winner had ever done before. Now, however, his golf was to be sadly interrupted, for in 1858 he was ordered to India with his regiment, the 72nd Highlanders, and it was then that old Mr. Sutherland was to give vent to one of those sayings of his which showed the profound seriousness of his outlook on golf. "It is a shame," he said, "of a man with such golfing powers to go out to India."

The little matter of the preposition is worthy of notice. It was not a shame *for* such a man to have to go to the bidding of an unsympathetic War Office; it was a shame *of* him to go. We gather that in Mr. Sutherland's opinion he ought, rather than obey so outrageous an order, to have given up soldiering and stayed on the links. At any rate, the old gentleman must have had this consolation, that the Indian Mutiny was a thing of the past and his young favourite was not going into any deadly peril. His pleasant remark set me thinking how little, so far as we know, the wars of old days affected golf. Did our soldiers in the Napoleonic era, or our Volunteers, when the Volunteer movement began about the middle of last century, perform any of their evolutions upon Blackheath, to the mingled admiration and annoyance of the golfers? There was no mention of them in the club papers, if they did, nor could I find anything about any war in those extracts from the minutes of the most famous Scottish clubs, given in Mr. Clark's well-known book, "Golf, A Royal and Ancient Game." War, it seemed, was not allowed in those days to interfere with sporting activities. Think of October 5th, 1805, a little more than a fortnight before Trafalgar. Nelson was writing home: "Should they come out I should immediately bring them to battle, but though I should not doubt of spoiling any voyage they may attempt, yet I hope for the arrival of the ships from England, that as any enemy's fleet they may be annihilated." Possibly the Lords of the Admiralty were interested in the question of reinforcements, but everybody else, including the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV, was vastly more interested in going to Hailsham in Sussex to see the Game Chicken beat Gully. Nine years later, Wellington with 40,000 men was making a stand in Spain against the 60,000 of Marmont, but the really exciting thing was that a negro called Molineaux had had the hardihood to challenge Tom Cribb, and Mr. Pierce Egan was very anxious to know "whether Old England should still retain her proud characteristic of conquering."

However, this was nothing to do with golf, and I had drawn blank until I suddenly thought of Mr. Cameron Robbie's excellent "Chronicle of the Royal Burgess Golfing Society of Edinburgh, 1735-1935," published three years ago. Surely, as I remembered, there was something there to the point, and so there is. Till they moved to Musselburgh in 1877 (their headquarters is now, of course, at Barnton) the Burgess had played

from their earliest days on Bruntsfield links. They had no lease of it, but kept a jealous eye on their rights as golfers, whatever these precisely may have been, and were something of a thorn in the side of the magistrates and city fathers of Edinburgh. At various times they had caused to be prohibited the making of a racecourse, the opening of quarries, the beating of carpets, the training of horses, the playing of shinty, the holding of Hallow Fair and, above all, the drilling of troops, since all these things were bad for the links and interfered with the golfers. To be sure, soldiers had been occasionally permitted, from the days when an army had paraded there to march to the disastrous battle of Flodden. Presumably patriotism overrode golf in Napoleonic days, for several volunteer infantry battalions, raised in Edinburgh, were trained on the links. The line, however, must be drawn somewhere. In 1798, a young lawyer called Walter Scott, who all his life burned with martial ardour, was Quartermaster of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons and applied to the magistrates for leave for the drilling of that corps at Bruntsfield. This was too much; infantry were all very well, but cavalry would ruin the course; the Society protested, and the future author of Waverley was rebuffed. Fourteen years later the "Military," unspecified, were drilling there, and a certain rough-rider proceeded to exercise some of the officers' horses on the links. He declared that chargers must become used to seeing soldiers at exercise, and was very rude to the Society's officer who told him to go away. This time there was an action in the Sheriff's Court and an interdict was granted, but at the same time it was suggested that the Society should see a certain Colonel and come to some amicable arrangement. The rough-rider was told to be more civil, and I suppose the Colonel promised not to gallop over the greens.

How different are things to-day, when the war comes rightly first and golf nowhere. It is odd to look back even to the time of the South African War and remember how little, comparatively speaking, it interfered with normal game-playing life. The Championship, of course, went on just as usual. Certainly there was something of sadness and flatness about the Amateur Championship of 1900, for Freddie Tait had been killed at Koodoosberg in February and his loss was felt with the keenest sorrow throughout the golfing world. There was another big gap, though happily not a lasting one, because Mr. John Ball was in South Africa with his yeomanry. Of course, other good golfers fell in that war, and others who came back were away for a time; but, save for those two, I cannot recall the absence of any really conspicuous figures. Golf and golf championships represented "Business as usual," as we may hope they will do again some day. Having written that sentence, I turned back again, for a little peace, to that life of Old Tom, and came across the name of that fine old golfer Mr. William Doleman. He went on playing golf, and playing it well, till he was a really old man, and I well remember, as must many others, to have played in a championship in which he took part. He is a link with a very far-away war, because he was born in 1838, went to sea as a boy, and sailed out of Sebastopol under Russian gunfire in 1854. The picture of him in that championship at Sandwich is very clear before my eyes, in particular that of him taking some ancient form of field glass to study the distant green. Not that it was very distant, because he could not then hit very far, but he hit very straight, and his opponent, a big hitter, was nearly frightened out of his wits, before he ultimately won, by the malicious mirth of his watching friends. That opponent was a contemporary of my own; and so I might have played a man who escaped from Sebastopol. "What a rum thing time is!"

THE MODERN HOUSE

A SURVEY OF THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

IN the decade before the last War, indeed for some years after it was over, it was almost an axiom that our domestic architecture was pre-eminent over that of any other country in the world. It would only be a bold and very insular patriot who would make such a statement to-day. As so often in the past, we have found ourselves once again invaded by a wave of new ideas from the Continent, and the flood-gates opened just when it seemed that we were at last comfortably settling down to a long period of stability and order. An almost standardised style, based on Georgian precedent, dominated every branch of building in which architects were employed. The Gothic Revival was dead, so, too, was the short-lived vogue for *art nouveau*; while what was best in the arts and crafts movement of William Morris and his followers had been assimilated. As we can see now, this relatively ordered world was as illusory as the outwardly secure social fabric of 1914. The curious thing is that, so far as architecture was concerned, the threads were taken up again after the War just where they had been left four years earlier, and that it was not until much later that they snapped.

Any review of English architecture of the last twenty-five years must cover the period both before and after the influx of new ideas which first began to make themselves felt in the late nineteen-twenties. Such a survey, taking in the whole field of contemporary domestic design, has recently made its appearance under the title of "The Book of the Modern House" (Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.). Edited by Professor Patrick Abercrombie, who contributes an admirably balanced summary by way of introduction, the book is a symposium to which fourteen writers have contributed, ranging from Sir Guy Dawber, who writes on "The Country House"—his lamented death occurred while the book was in the press—to Mrs. Darcy Braddell, who expounds the marvels of the modern kitchen and bathroom. No such comprehensive survey has been made since "The British Home of To-day" appeared under Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow's editorship thirty-five years ago; and as showing



ASHLEY CHASE, DORSET. The late Sir Guy Dawber, Architect

that the two periods are bridged, in spite of the gulf that seems to separate them, it is worth noting that Sir Guy Dawber also contributed to the earlier volume.

The antithesis that exists to-day is often thought of as modern *versus* traditional. But the issue is not so simple as that. In arming themselves with the impressive-sounding word "functionalism" the modernists have been trailing a red herring. A thatched cottage or a Cotswold house is just as functional, in the sense that its design is conditioned by its purpose and the character of its materials as a modern factory that is all glass and concrete. The complaint of the conservative architect is that the modernist in his enthusiasm for the new materials and their potentialities is using them for purposes for which they are not suited, and that in working from a utilitarian basis he leaves little or no room for the human side of what used to be considered an art. Ornament is eschewed, and while lip-service is paid to such questions as scale, proportion, colour and texture, it is not often that even these fundamental considerations of good architecture are observed.

Hence the conservative's taunt of "barbarian," and the modernist's contempt for the "reactionary."

One of the great services of this book is to re-define the issue, which clearly emerges as one between the old traditional rural standards and the modern urban ones. It is indeed largely a question of materials. Sir Guy Dawber, in setting down his general principles, put first good manners and conformity with the traditions of the neighbourhood, and insisted that "we should endeavour to carry on the spirit of traditional building, using wherever practical local materials and fitting our modern work into its environment." In his excellent chapter on "The Country Cottage" Mr. Archie Gordon is an even stronger champion of this view, and he illustrates many delightful examples of rural building both by private individuals and local authorities where the principle has been carefully observed. In spite of all our hideous post-War development there are still great stretches of unspoiled country, and it is reasonable to ask that in these uninvaded parts of England



HOUSE AT NORTHIAM, SUSSEX. Edward Maufe, Architect

where the life of the country has been going on fundamentally unchanged, the old local traditions should still be carefully guarded. On the other hand, it is futile to ignore the steady advance of urbanism and to try to segregate it. Our Victorian grandfathers who travelled by train could avoid the ugly trail of industrialism, but the advent of cars ruled out the wearing of blinkers.

A more realistic view is taken by Mr. J. C. Ramsey, who deals with what most of us would consider the *bête noire* (except that it is usually *rouge*) of the scene, the ready-built house. He considers dispassionately the points of view of builder, buyer and building society, and cannot find that any one of the three can be fairly blamed for the tragedy that has occurred. Investigation has convinced him that there has not been much jerrybuilding, though any amount of "jerry designing." But he notes, as others have done, that a considerable advance in design has been made during the last few years.

Modernism has now reached this class of house—not always with bad results; in particular, Mr. Ramsey instances the successful treatment of that apparently indispensable feature of the ready-built house—the bay window—which was first evolved by Messrs. Welch and Lander and has since been extensively imitated. Mr. Ramsey's considered verdict is that the problem of preserving the English countryside cannot be solved by purely regional or local methods, and that it is impossible to have two standards—a poor urban standard and a good rural one.

Mr. Jellicoe, who writes on the house in its setting, comes to a similar conclusion. In a chapter which, "it may possibly be felt," is "somewhat" too full of these cautious qualifications, he comes out with at least one definite conviction: "It is inevitable that the house before long will become dissociated in materials from locality." Mr. Oliver Hill, who sponsors "The Contemporary House," is also unassailed by doubts on this point. He considers that our great tradition of domestic architecture, and with it craftsmanship, was killed by the introduction of machinery, and that the largely traditional work of the first twenty years of this century was fatally handicapped, because it was produced for the enjoyment of the few. This last statement may be questioned, and indeed is disproved by many of the illustrations in this book, which show traditional designs successfully used for small houses and, in simplified form, for housing schemes, such as the admirable examples at Wythenshawe, Liverpool, and Roehampton. So long as brick is the cheapest form of building material it



Architectural Review

HOUSE AT KINGSTON.

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E. Maxwell Fry, Architect

cannot be argued that traditional methods are out of date. Concrete brings with its new potentialities certain disadvantages, in sound transmission and shabby appearance after weathering, that do not yet justify the all-concrete house. Our habits of life, and, incidentally, our climate, have not changed so completely that we all want houses with the open, flexible plan which the extremists favour—a type only suitable for week-end or holiday houses and even then not welcome to all tastes. One would like to know, incidentally, how occupants of "modern" houses get on in a black-out.

Can a synthesis between the two points of view be established? There have been few signs of a reconciliation so far. But what we failed to achieve in days of peace may be brought about more easily as a result of another war, unpredictable though its effects must be at present. In the process of decentralisation and the further inevitable commingling of urban with rural standards

the differences that have divided modernist and traditionalist into two camps may very well disappear. The new vigour which the modernist has brought to architecture will not be dissipated; at the same time his attitude of the rigid doctrinaire will have to be modified. Already there have been signs that he is abandoning some of his whims and extravagances—for instance, what Professor Abercrombie in his delightfully witty introduction dubs "the aquarium staircase." Probably, too, the horizontal casement, suggesting "the comfort of the recumbent posture" as opposed to the sash, reflecting "the dignity of man's vertical position," is only a passing phase. On the other hand, economic necessity is likely to favour a continuance of the simple, austere standards in design and decoration to which the modernist has accustomed us; and for the time being at any rate, in any new building the A.R.P. factor will override all others.

In discussing the main issue raised by this book, nothing has been said of such admirable sections as those contributed by Mr. Keay on "The Working Man's House" and Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis on "Coastal Houses": the latter is full of sane, practical advice on points which those building by the sea are all too apt to overlook. There are also interesting comparative studies of the House in Sweden and the House in America, while Mrs. Wornum and Mrs. Braddell give the woman's point of view on how interiors should be planned and fitted up. Many of the chapters are so good as to deserve reprinting separately for the guidance of architects, builders, and their clients. A. S. O.

AT A VILLAGE INN: AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

THIS exceptionally picturesque group of villagers was, if one may judge by the costume, taken at a very early date in the era of photography. The figures seem almost contemporary with George Morland, although they can hardly be earlier than a year or two before 1860, and are thus half a century later.

Time has, it seems, always moved sluggishly in the village of Stapleford Tawney, Essex. The Talbot Inn is now a private house, and although those who remembered Benjamin Cooper, the proprietor, appear to have passed away, it is still owned by the Cunliffe-Smith family, the tall-hatted gamekeeper on the left having been employed by Sir Charles Cunliffe-Smith, the father of the present baronet, whose eighteenth-century house is near by. Mine host of The Talbot is sitting on the table, and the potman stands behind him.

These were the types



of Essex men to be seen in the villages of the county three generations ago, and it is probable that they bore a close resemblance to the *habitues* of The King's Head at Chigwell, a few miles nearer London, to which Charles Dickens loved to take his intimate friends. Who can doubt that John Willet of The Maypole

(in "Barnaby Rudge") resembled in the mind of the novelist the burly innkeeper of The Talbot?

By a curious chance there has, until recently, existed at Stapleford Tawney a definite link with Dickens, for Woolley, the head-gardener at Suttons, the home of the Cunliffe-Smiths, was as a boy employed in the garden at Gad's Hill Place. He is still living and tells how once he saw him come out to the garden door and stand there addressing the empty lawns, emphasising what he was saying by waving his arms. The boy went home inclined to think that Mr. Dickens had gone off his head.

GORDON HOME.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CABLES, CYPHERS AND CADETS—BY W. E. BARBER

THE late Sir Alfred Ewing was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of our time; remarkable indeed in so many ways that he seemed half a dozen remarkable men rolled into one, leading half a dozen remarkable lives. Edinburgh knew him both as student and Principal. The Admiralty knew him both as Director of Naval Education and as "The Man of Room 40." Cambridge knew him as a resident Professor of Engineering and again in the last days of his retirement. There were other periods when he learnt the business of cable-testing at Greenwich, of cable laying off the coasts of South America and finally became Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the University of Tokyo, whence he returned to a similar post at Dundee. One cannot go into detail with regard to all these periods. The publishers of this biography, "The Man of Room 40," by A. W. Ewing (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), have, somewhat naturally, put the stress on the shortest of them all, and there is no doubt that most readers of the book will turn first to Chapter IX, where an account is given of Ewing's work in the decoding department at the Admiralty which he did so much to organise and which afterwards passed into the able hands of the D.N.I., Admiral Hall. It is perhaps as well, however, that they should know that, not long before his death, Sir Alfred busied himself in writing up his reminiscences of Room 40—calling his account "A Chapter of History." He felt that his real work had been "sensationalised" out of existence by the Press, and he wished to give a reasonable and unsensational account of it for more intelligent readers. The Admiralty, after much consideration, thought it expedient that this account should not be published, and Ewing gathered that their lordships had seized only too clearly his own distinction between what might be brushed aside as sensational journalism and a really authentic narrative. The dilemma still exists, but Mr. Ewing has used the necessary discretion—more necessary than usual at this moment—without losing the romantic side of his father's cryptographical adventures.

That chapter being left to look after itself, there remain a good many others which will be of special interest to those who knew Ewing or his work at Edinburgh, at Cambridge, or in the days when he revolutionised the education of the Navy. Mr. Ewing has given a simple and sympathetic account of his father's character and life, and there are many stories in the book which clearly show alike the astonishing abilities, the attractive qualities and the very definite limitations of this little thick-set man with his keen blue eyes and shaggy eyebrows and disarmingly Scottish voice. It is refreshing to be told that Miss Marie Corelli having (apparently by mistake) sent him a copy of "The Mighty Atom," he placed it on a shelf which already held the works of J. J. Thomson and Nils Böhr and where it was subsequently joined by those of Eddington and Jeans. There is, too, a rather delightful letter from Dr. Skeat quoted in the book which serves to remind us that Ewing's struggle to establish the Mechanical Sciences Tripos was not always viewed with approval by his friends and neighbours. Incidentally, for some odd reason, Mr. Ewing calls Dr. Skeat "the distinguished theologian." It might have amused his father, but scarcely does justice to the reverend author of the Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. Skeat found his lecture-room on one occasion occupied by some of Ewing's apparatus. "I should be glad," he wrote, "to learn, quite at your convenience, if you contemplate removing it next year, and, if so, if you can roughly indicate when it will be done"—surely the mildest rebuke ever administered by one professor to another.

The Life of Sir Edward Clarke, by Derek Walker-Smith and Edward Clarke. (Thornton Butterworth, 18s.)

THE authors of this admirable book have succeeded where so many biographers fail, in that they have preserved throughout it a judicial detachment while doing full justice to the great personal and professional qualities which distinguished their subject. Diminutive in stature, Edward Clarke was yet a forensic—though never quite a political—giant in years when many giants strode through the Courts and on to the floor of the House of Commons. No public school can claim credit for his education; for it was at Dr. Pinches's little Commercial College in Lombard Street that, like his life-long friend Henry Irving, he took all the elocution prizes; and evening classes at King's College in the Strand and at Crosby Hall enabled the boy who each morning took down the shutters of the parental shop in King William Street to obtain a clerkship in the old India Office where Charles Lamb had been so unpunctual a predecessor. Then followed Lincoln's Inn and the Bar, with the Western Circuit (for he came of Somerset yeoman stock) as the scene of his earlier triumphs. He never looked back. Parliament, a silk gown and a Law Officership were succeeding rungs in the ladder of his success. From 1880 to 1910 few great murder trials or *causes célèbres* could take place without him. His political life, however, was more chequered than his legal career. Clarke was essentially a Disraelian Tory-Democrat and a back-bencher of genius, whose independence of spirit and sturdy adherence to the principles of the Victorian middle class from which he sprang precluded party opportunism. A self-made man, he was yet no *arriviste*. He distrusted alike the aristocratic superciliousness of Randolph Churchill and Arthur Balfour and the radical intransigence of Joseph Chamberlain. The Boer War, Rhodesian Imperialism and Tariff Reform all cut across his deepest convictions. After his Solicitor-Generalship he never sought or held office, though he refused the mastership of the Rolls. He was content to remain through a long retirement into a revered old age as the honoured and unchallenged *doyen* of his profession. A Cockney

townsman, sport (except rowing at Staines) and country life had no attractions for him. His friend the present Lord Chancellor has written a graceful foreword to this most satisfactory memoir. C. P. HAWKES.

Anthology of Modern Verse, by Robert Lynd. (Nelson, 7s. 6d.)

THERE are two ways of making an anthology. You can adopt the attitude: "I know what I like. Here it is. Take it or leave it." Or you can subdue your natural preferences and include whatever "has been acclaimed by the best judges." Mr. Robert Lynd has chosen the latter way, taking the risk that attaches to it, the risk that "best judges" of to-day often look like a row of ninepins to-morrow. No one, however, except extremists, will question Mr. Lynd's qualifications for compiling this anthology, consisting of poetic work done by men and women alive during and since the reign of George V. So we get Hardy, Yeats, Bridges, Housman, Kipling, Alice Meynell, Katherine Tynan; we also get C. Day Lewis, Spender, Auden, Louis Macneice, Ruth Pitter, Eiluned Lewis. But Mr. Lynd has exercised his individual judgment by giving us, when possible, not the most quoted things, but others equally good or characteristic. V. H. F.

Mary Cloud, by Romilly Cavan. (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.)

"THIS moment . . . clear and hard, transient—eternal." It is the power to evoke that in delicate, sensitive language that distinguishes, and greatly, Miss Romilly Cavan. "Mary Cloud" is a better novel than "Characters in Order of Their Appearance," especially in its second half; and this time the author sets her people in the real world of to-day, as well as in their little private heavens and hells. Miss Cavan's subtlety of perception and sureness of expression compel constant admiration. And yet there are times when we read on under a sense of strain. Perhaps it is partly because, although there are five parts, there are no chapters, and therefore only five natural breathing-spaces. But also there is something inherently fatiguing in such minute literary brushwork, when it is sustained for five hundred and fifty pages. Miss Cavan's quality is consistently admirable, but sometimes her quantity makes us cry, "Hold. Enough!" V. H. F.

MODES IN MURDER

THE difference between English and American police procedure gives the detective stories of the two countries a different emphasis. In America the police can apparently do anything; they can question anyone without cautioning them or allowing them to see their lawyers, they can search houses without a warrant, they can keep innocent witnesses up all night with arc lamps trained on them and third-degree them to their hearts' content. This is the impression American detective stories give, anyway, and the natural result is that the reader's sympathy is with the suspects and against the police, and ready to condone suppressions of evidence and the misleading of authority as he never would be in an English story. American detective stories are usually told in the first person by a rather tiresomely kindly and sympathetic middle-aged woman, who straightens the course of true love and guesses the murderer before the police do. Both "Brief Return" (M. G. Eberhart; Crime Club, 7s. 6d.) and "Strawstack" (Dorothy C. Disney; Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.) more or less conform to this pattern. The "brief return" is made by Basil Houlst, a very unpleasant individual who was supposed to have been killed in an air-crash. His wife has married another; his elderly cousin has come into his money and estate; his mistress has transferred her affections; so it is hardly surprising that his return is brief and that he is found shot in the garden. The murderer's motive is the weakness of this otherwise clever story; an atmosphere of suspicion and fear enveloping the house of Tenacre is its strength. "Strawstack" has a much stronger motive and a more elaborate and plausible plot; it is also distinguished by clever characters and interesting dialogue. Miss Disney has a style of her own, which is rare among American detective-story writers, whose styles mostly conform to the same vivacious type. The "I" of "Strawstack" is Miss Margaret Tilbury, who buys a large estate, settles down there with her rapacious relations—and it is the nurse who gets murdered though Miss Tilbury herself is the obvious victim. I commend this story as an original and well constructed piece of work. The recent English detective stories are of a more conservative type; they are seen from the police point of view, and are more strictly puzzles than the dramatic American tales. Mr. R. Philmore's "Death in Arms" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.) is, like all his stories, methodical and fair, but, as usual, leaves me with the feeling that his characters have been incompletely imagined; any of the conversation might be spoken by any of the people concerned in the death of Brian Somervell, who was on the track of some dirty work among the armament firms. Two armament kings, Hainsworth and Gooch, and Hainsworth's theatrical *protégés* are all involved. The scenes in the pubs and dark alleys of the manufacturing town where Inspector Garnett is on the trail are the liveliest and best conceived in the book. In "Danger in the Dark" (Cecil F. Gregg; Methuen, 7s. 6d.) and "Inspector Frost and the Whitbourne Murder" (Dr. H. Maynard Smith; Benn, 7s. 6d.) Inspectors Higgins and Frost unravel their respective mysteries of the Unaccountable Emeralds and the Unpopular Baronet with skill and humour. "Danger in the Dark" contains more exciting chases on land and water; "Inspector Frost and the Whitbourne Murder" has more amusing village characters. Both are sound and eminently readable detective stories. A. C. H.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

WALTER BAGEHOT, by William Irvine (Longmans, 12s. 6d.); THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, by Katherine John (Putnam, 10s. 6d.); ROUMANIA UNDER KING CAROL, by Hector Bolitho (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.); COUNTRY CONTENTMENTS, by Margaret Westerling (Constable, 8s. 6d.); THE JACKDAW'S NEST, A FIVE-FOLD ANTHOLOGY, by Gerald Bullett (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.); FICTION: THE SEA TOWER, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.); THE WALL, by Anna Reiner (Secker and Warburg, 8s. 6d.); THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT, by Graham Greene (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.).

CORRESPONDENCE

"CAVES IN SURREY"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The letter in your issue of Sept. 9th, headed "Caves in Surrey," induces me, in the interest of public safety, to warn other trespassers against the danger to life and limb incurred by persons entering the old quarry workings near Merstham. Two unfortunate individuals lost their lives recently owing to sudden falls of stones in the Cheddar Gorge. A similar fate might easily have been met by the two boys who were rescued from the Merstham quarries some years ago. Your correspondent's mentality must be peculiar in "having decided to dig open an entrance," which had been closed in order to protect the public so far as possible. It would be interesting to know how Miss Mayhew would view the arrival of a party of unauthorised strangers in her garden and subsequent excavations therein on their part.—HYLTON.

SIXTY YEARS OF REAPING

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The reaper and binder shown in the accompanying photograph has reached the ripe old age of sixty not out, and is believed to be the oldest still working in the country. It has served three generations of farmers, and now belongs to Mr. C. F. Retallick of Bayfordbury Park Farm, Hertford. The machine, which is a Massey-Harris old No. 3 model, has a 6ft. right-hand cut. Mr. Retallick attributes its long life to proper housing and overhauling each year. My photograph was taken at the end of last month, when the machine was in use cutting Mr. Retallick's corn.—A. L. W. SHILLADY.

ENGLISH PEAT

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Everyone knows that peat is used largely in Scotland, very largely in Ireland, but few realise that it is still dug and used in parts of England. In Somerset, around Glastonbury and especially at Meare, Ashcot, Shapwick and Edington, there are miles of flat land, locally called "Moors," where the peat is from fourteen to fifteen feet deep. The people there who burn peat have done so for hundreds of years. It is said that the Romans dug peat in the Glastonbury district, and, even earlier, it was used by very primitive tribes. Somerset peat consists of partly decayed bog moss, reeds, rushes and common sedge. Peat is always easy to cut, nearly always difficult to dry. The general method of open-air drying is the same everywhere—the peats are cut, arranged so that the air gets around them and, after a time, larger, then larger, heaps are made, until the peats are dry enough to be stored for use.

Each district has a special vocabulary connected with the industry. The special spade used for cutting is called, in Somerset, a "slitter," while similar spades have their own special names in both Ireland and in the Shetlands. The freshly cut pieces of peat are called "mumps": sixteen of these are piled, in a special way, in a small heap called a "hyle." After about three weeks of drying the peats from several hyles are put together to make a



STILL IN SERVICE AFTER SIXTY YEARS

"ruckle," and finally, after another six weeks, the peats are made into tall "ricks." When the peats are extra slow in drying a "tate" may be made with half the number used to make a ruckle. The time for each process varies with the weather, but the women, who do all the stacking, while the men dig, are proud of their skill, and there is considerable competition in proving that one can manage to have her peats dry quicker than anyone else. The drier the peats the better, but the women like to have a few damp ones to put behind the fire to prevent it burning too quickly at night or when they are out.

In Ireland the people speak of turf, in Scotland of peat, but in and near Glastonbury both words are used; thus they call the land from which the peats are taken either "turf ground" or "peat fields." When the turf is cut away, the water drains into the resulting hollows, making great marshes, called "turf lows," which are a serious problem.

The Somerset district has not only a local use for peat, but a considerable export industry. Peats are made into fire-lighters by the addition of inflammable salts; some is ground for manure for grass, especially golf links; some, not quite dry, is pulled to pieces and pressed together for horse bedding. Before the last War some Germans came to Somerset to experiment in producing a type of hardened peat which could compete successfully with coal, and also in the hope of extracting oil. Both these methods are being tried in Ireland to-day, for Ireland, in its desire for economic

self-sufficiency, does not wish to import coal from England. But, so far, neither method has proved commercially paying.

The life of the peat workers in Somerset is not healthy, as the turf fields are so wet that rheumatism and consumption are prevalent. At Meare there is a district called "The Lane," which is inhabited only by turf workers. In winter they may be isolated for months by floods. Nearly all these houses belong to the occupants, who inherited them from ancestors who took up the land under the Squatters' Law.—O. A. MERRITT HAWKES.

[The peat workers have become of additional importance owing to the needs of war-time, which may very well demand a considerable expansion of this industry, as peat burns well in an ordinary fireplace and forms an excellent substitute for coal.—Ed.]

"THE SILHOUETTIST'S ART"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—As some of your correspondents have pointed out, it is possible that your failure to identify the silhouettist of the "Victorian Group," on page 186 of your issue of August 19th, arises from a misprint. The name is Metford, not Mitford. Of the children shown in the group two survive; the smaller of the two girls playing with bricks and the writer, standing by with three-year-old pride in the Christmas present he displays. Omitting one, the average age of the other ten has worked out at nearly eighty-three years. Our father died at the age of ninety-four in 1906.—X.



PEAT-CUTTING IN SOMERSET. (Left and right) "RICKS" OF PEAT ARRANGED IN ROWS. (Centre) MAKING A "HYLE": THE BUSINESS OF STACKING IS DONE BY WOMEN

GHAT GARDENING IN KASHMIR

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—On February 25th, 1938, I heard that my ghat would be required for State purposes. This was tragic news, as I had spent much time and thought and money on it, trying to make it look like a garden, instead of a dirty backyard. However, I heard that another good ghat was available, a little farther down the river. I lost no time in securing it, and sat sadly down to plan a new garden, which would take all the plants I had. The new ghat was on a very steep slope, quite bare of vegetation, measuring 172ft. by 37ft. The first thing to do was to make a new flight of steps, where the cookboat would be; then wire all round the ghat, and make gates to keep out the cows, which are sacred here, and wander about, eating everything in reach. Then, I thought, some stones and slag, to make a broad terrace for a flower bed at the top, and some planks for another terrace at the bottom; perhaps a flagged pathway, the full length of the ghat on the lower terrace, and boat-loads of earth to build up the terraces. Everything was under snow at the time, but we shovelled it into the water. As I had to leave my old ghat by March 31st, everything, including my poor bulbs, just putting out tiny buds, had to be moved in a hurry.

How we worked! I planted Austrian briars at the side trellises and Paul Scarlet and Blaze at each gate; all along the top fence, Dorothy Perkins and American Pillar; at both ends of the ghat, purple and white English lilacs, buddleias, Persian lilacs, and some small flowering shrubs; and everywhere roses of all colours, as well as pansies and forget-me-nots. I replanted all my bulbs, from the huge wild single red tulips and wild Crown Imperials, to the tiny sternbergias and "Glory of the Snow." Then what fun it was poking in the small rock plants everywhere, finding crannies that each liked? Someone must have eaten peaches, and thrown stones into my first ghat, as there were two lovely young peach trees to be moved. Then two thousand purple and white irises were planted over the middle of the slope. Between them everywhere I put yellow rock cress, which made a wonderful show of colour later on. By March 30th everything was finished as far as shifting the garden was concerned; so my boat moved in, and off we went into camp, sixty miles away, for the first of the fishing.

At the end of April, I came back to a veritable riot of colour. Gardening at Kashmir is marvellous; the flowers seem to enjoy doing their best for you, but this was beyond expectation or belief. We are forbidden to plant trees, and the absolute lack of shade was bad. One day, coming back to lunch, I found four large willows planted. I said, "You can't do this; they must come up." But my bearer assured me he would make it all right. At that moment there arrived the ghat inspector, who said, "These are new trees; you must pull them up." But my bearer said with scorn, "New trees! these are at least four years old! Come and look at them." So he came, but neither he nor I could see any sign to show that they hadn't been there for years! He went off, looking puzzled, and my bearer placidly said, "It is quite true they are four years old, though they have not been here so long."—B.



BEES SWARMING ON A STANDARD ROSE TREE

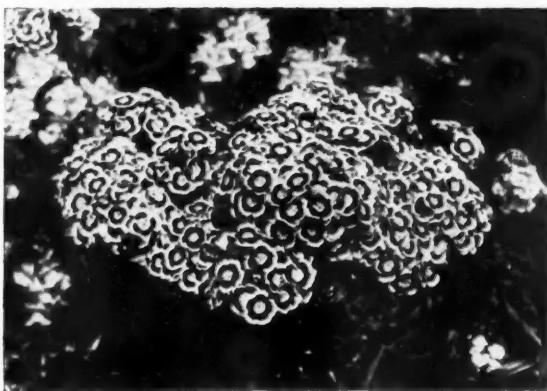


IN A KASHMIR GARDEN. (Left) THE HEAD GARDENER; (Right) BEARERS ON THE FLIGHT OF STEPS

"SWEET JOHNS AND SWEET WILLIAMS"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It is to be hoped that none of your readers will be dissuaded from planting sweet williams because of their association, pointed out in your issue of August 12th, with a person who (we are always told) was so unpleasant as the Duke of Cumberland; for, indeed, it is only a legend that the plant was named after him. In Gerard's "Herball" of 1597 he refers to "those flowers which we do call Sweet Johns and Sweete Williams"—from the context clearly meaning



FINE HEADS OF SWEET WILLIAM

the sweet william of to-day.—MILES HART-FIELD.

SWARMING BEES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Swarming bees are always a source of interest and often of not a little excitement in the countryside, since their aim and purpose are so often inexplicable. The recent behaviour of a swarm (or possibly of more than one swarm) appears worthy of being placed on record.

On Wednesday, July 5th, a swarm of bees appeared out of the blue, and attempted to obtain entrance at the north upper corner of the square red-bricked tower which forms part of Romden Castle in Kent. For years bees had occupied this corner, filling the space between the tower roof and the ceiling of the upper tower room with combs and honey. The drippings from them blackened the ceiling, while the floor and the four window embrasures were constantly littered with dead bees during the summer months. A dozen years ago, after some previous ineffectual attempts, the bees were finally ejected and their entrances sealed up—a success only accomplished after



many humorous (for those not participating in the work) and painful episodes.

The sudden hum, as of a small aeroplane passing close over the tower on July 5th, was not greeted with pleasure when the cause was ascertained. In at least three years since 1928 bee swarms (one only each time) have appeared and stormed that corner of the tower, but without success. Did these swarms include descendants from those original inhabitants who had occupied the tower for so long—at least half a century from records? For an hour this year the swarm tried to get a footing on the tower; then the light north-west breeze increased in strength quite

suddenly, and within less than five minutes the bees disappeared downwind. Two days later a swarm (was it the same?) appeared at the same time in the morning (11.30 a.m.), spent an hour flying round the tower corner and the well roof of the lower abutting north-east wing, and then swarmed on a pendulous branch of a plum tree in a small orchard hard by. This was the identical tree, if not the very same branch, on which the last swarm to visit Romden (in 1937) had come to rest, to be subsequently taken by a local cottager. Before this year's swarm could be taken, it took to wing again.

Less than two miles distant from the castle stands the beautiful old church of Smarden with its square tower. On the 9th (two days later) a swarm of bees penetrated the church and gave some trouble to or frightened a number of parishioners and visitors. They did not, apparently, find suitable accommodation. Why bees should

have for so long inhabited Romden tower and never, at any rate within recent times, taken up their quarters in the church tower, is difficult to understand—unless the vibrations of the peal of bells put them off.

On Wednesday, July 12th, one week after the first appearance, a swarm again appeared at Romden at about 12.30 p.m. After a brief attempt on the tower it spent over an hour flying round the small walled garden situated between the north-east wing of the house already mentioned and the fourteenth-century block of the stables, some sixty yards distant. It was impossible for anyone to enter this area for well over an hour. It was the action of this swarm which astonished me. Quite suddenly they commenced to settle on the stem of a standard rose tree (planted in this position in 1928) at the edge of a break occupied by gooseberry bushes, the bed being edged with lavender. The rose stem was supported by a small post, and the bees clustered round post and stem, gradually assuming a shape resembling an elongated spruce cone.

The photograph enclosed shows the whole swarm at rest, taken at 7ft. distance. I did not have any protection while taking these photographs, as in my experience swarming bees are harmless unless interfered with. The photographs were taken between 1.30 and 1.45 p.m. Ten minutes later, I passed the mass on the tree on my way to the stables, and returned four minutes later. In that brief space the swarm had disappeared.

The questions I should like to have answered are: Was it one swarm, or were they a different one, which visited Romden on the 5th, 7th and 12th, and the Smarden Church on the 9th? Are there any recorded instances of the stem of a standard rose, at most 6ft. in height, being used as a nesting-place by bees swarming?—E. P. STEBBING.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SATISFACTORY TENDENCY

COMPARED with conditions in 1914, the activity in the estate market is very satisfactory. In that year, from the end of July onwards, next to nothing was done; what had been a brisk and improving business shrank to microscopic dimensions, and, except for an occasional break-up sale, so continued until 1919. This month sales, lettings and the care of vacated houses are providing the depleted staffs of most of the leading agencies with as much as they can conveniently manage. Certain firms are working under the disadvantage of having had directors or partners recalled to the Army or Navy. For a competent staff there is this consolation, that the absence of a principal gives them the opportunity to show how well they can keep things going in his absence.

DEMAND FOR SUSSEX WOODLAND

THE expense of preparing for an auction of a large landed estate falls heavily not only on owners but often on would-be buyers, for preliminary valuations of various lots, especially of woodland for felling, take a long time and involve the employment of experts and of many more or less skilled helpers. Accordingly, even in such a time as this, the question whether to postpone a much advertised auction needs the most careful consideration. In the case of the Tilgate estate the vendors very wisely decided to adhere to the arrangements to offer the seventy-four lots, and they sold forty under the hammer for a total of £39,645. Among the lots were fourteen parcels of woods and plantations, 40 acres of building land, and a good many cottages, as well as five farms, an aggregate area of 870 acres. The mansion, some of the woods and plantations, and farms remain for private treaty.

There was a very large attendance at the scene of the auction—Montefiore Institute, Three Bridges. Mr. A. V. Daborn conducted it on behalf of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, the joint agents being Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners. The total area of Tilgate

is 2,185 acres, extending most of the way from Crawley to Three Bridges, and bounded on one side southwards by the main line of the Southern Railway. There are five miles of road frontage, and development which may take place should serve equally well London and Brighton residential requirements.

The stone mansion stands in a large park, and there is a lake, one of four on the estate, which was originally the hammer-pond of important forges of the Wealden iron industry. The main Tilgate forge supplied what used to be called "sowes of rawe iron" for men as far off as London and the coast to fashion into finished goods for peace or war. The old records, which have fortunately been preserved, indicate the costliness and the hardship of the carriage of such heavy material over the rough roads of the Sussex Weald three hundred years ago or more.

SAFETY OF VALUABLE LIVESTOCK

THE safe keeping of bloodstock is causing some anxiety to a good many owners and breeders, and Messrs. George Trollope and Sons point out that, in their opinion, an ideal spot for the purpose would be Streat Hill Farm, on the Sussex Downs. The 300 acres lie high above sea level, and there is a residence for an owner or manager, and a range of excellent buildings.

A nice freehold house in the Tudor style, with grounds of 7 acres, known as Limpfield Court, near Oxted, has been privately sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. F. D. Ibbett, Mosely, Card and Co.

The main portion of the Avon Castle estate, near Ringwood, has changed hands through the agency of Messrs. Fox and Sons. Avon Castle came into prominence a few months ago as the seat of the Earl of Egmont, "the rancher Earl." Mr. Robert Thake was associated with the Bournemouth firm in the transaction.

Offers by Messrs. Fox and Sons include a Newmarket property of 4 acres, overlooking

one of the training commons. The house is modern, and the freehold, said to have cost £45,000, is purchaseable for only £7,500.

A finely fitted modern house, in freehold gardens of an acre, high on the Hertfordshire hills, is to be let or sold by Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, who state that the property is "in a really lovely protected position, with extensive views."

A Perthshire property—Inverardoch, in Doune—comprising a stately mansion of grey sandstone, with 538 acres, is privately offered for sale by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele. The fishing in the Ardoch and the Teith is first rate, and there is good low ground shooting. Three farms add to the value of the estate.

SOME INVESTMENT TRANSACTIONS

DIFFICULT as the conditions are at the moment, there is a fair amount of investment business going on, and among the reports of that type of transaction is one from Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd. They have purchased for clients landed properties in Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Devonshire and other counties, and one in Suffolk. Certain freehold interests have been sold by them, on suburban estates which trustees have in recent years acquired through the agency of the firm. Mr. F. Beven and Mr. W. J. M. Harris, the partners in the firm, recall that it was founded in the reign of William IV, in the year when the annexation of Poland by Russia was the chief topic of political talk in London. Like other firms, Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd have transferred a mass of papers to emergency quarters, but the offices at Hamilton Place, Park Lane, will be kept open, and the staff is coping with the newly imposed duties of taking care of town mansions that have been temporarily left vacant. This is a type of work in which many agents are engaged, and one firm is said to have hardly enough assistants, despite additional help, to carry out such work. **ARBITER.**

THE RACING SEASON REVIEWED

THOUGH at the time of writing no definite decision has yet been made whether the Newmarket Houghton Meeting will be held or not, the Newmarket First and Second October Meetings have been abandoned, and it seems likely that the curtain has definitely dropped on the flat-racing of 1939. That being so, the moment is an opportune one to reflect on the happenings of the past six months. In this article the classic and Cup races will be considered, and the events of a more lowly order will be left over until the next.

The great tragedy for the bloodstock world was the abandonment of the Doncaster Yearling Sales and the race for the St. Leger. The cancellation of the former has upset the whole bloodstock market and, in the opinion of many, was unnecessary, while without a St. Leger Lord Rosebery and his trainer, Mr. Jack Jarvis, have been robbed of the opportunity of proving to a public, not unanimously convinced, the supreme worth of Blue Peter. Actually, neither Lord Rosebery nor Mr. Jack Jarvis has a great deal to grumble about, for Blue Peter is an unbeaten winner of four races this year worth £31,964, and his winnings have been mainly responsible for Lord Rosebery's name occupying the leading position in the list of winning owners, with four winners of eleven races of £37,756½ to his credit, and for Mr. Jarvis holding a similar place in the list of winning trainers, with sixteen winners of twenty-four races of £54,446½ to his account. The story of the association of the Earls of Rosebery with the Turf formed the theme of a recent racing article; the present Earl had a previous classic success when Sandwich won the St. Leger of 1931. Mr. Jack Jarvis, a one-time jockey, who had his first winning mount on The Page at Liverpool in 1903, and who trained Sandwich, has also been responsible for the preparation of Ellangowan who won the Two Thousand Guineas of 1923 for the late Earl, and Flamingo, who scored in the like event of 1928 for Lord Milford, then Sir Laurence Philipps.

Next to Blue Peter, the most prolific stake-winner and, as likely as not, the second best three year old, is Galatea II, who, by victories in the Lingfield Park Spring Stakes, the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, put £16,131 in stakes to the credit of her American owner, Mr. R. S. Clark. These wins enabled Mr. Clark to take fifth place in the list of winning owners and third position, behind Lord Rosebery and Lord Derby, in the list of winning breeders. The sum of £22,143½ is accredited to Lord Derby as an owner, and £17,323½ as a breeder, and of these sums £9,670 has been contributed by Heliopolis, a son of Lord Derby's Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, who has four brackets to his credit.

Following this colt who, despite his successes, has the suspicion of a temperament, comes the gallant three year old filly, Olein, and, a little lower down, the Rose of England colt who is reckoned by many to be the best two year old of the year. Both of these belong to Lord Glanely; they are by the home-sire, Colombo, who won the Two Thousand Guineas of 1934, and are trained by Mr. Basil Jarvis—a brother of Jack—who took over the stable at the beginning of the season. Every one of Olein's races has shown her genuineness. Her third, in the One Thousand Guineas, was excusable, as she just seemed short of a gallop; her victory over Tudor Rose, at a later Newmarket meeting, was decisive; the Oaks distance was beyond her stamina limitations; at Ascot the Coronation Stakes was a spectacular performance, and her two wins at Goodwood, especially in the Nassau Stakes, in which she was giving the useful Flyolley 12lb., were races worth going many miles to see. The Official Handicapper, Mr. A. Fawcett, mulcted her with 8st. 9lb. in the now abandoned Cambridgeshire. Lord Glanely bred Olein, who was out of a mare whom he bought off Major Goddard as a yearling at the First October Sales of 1930 for 200gs. The Rose of England colt is a half-brother to the St. Leger winner, Chulmleigh. Bred by Lady James Douglas at the Harwood Stud at Newbury, Rose of England was sold to Lord Glanely for 3,100gs. as a yearling, and in his colours returned her purchase price by scoring in the Oaks of £8,153½. Her present representative does not look to have the same scope and reach as Chulmleigh, a late-to-hand colt, and, furthermore, is not so well bred for stamina. Between the two—Olein and Rose of England's unnamed son—£14,125 of Lord Glanely's £16,229 stake money as a breeder is accounted for; as an owner, he has had his colours carried to success by eleven additional winners bred in other establishments, who have added another £2,502 to his credit account. Both he and his trainer are to be congratulated on a successful season; and reflected credit goes to Captain Sydney Lewis, the indefatigable manager.

Mention of the Rose of England colt calls to mind the fact that Captain R. C. Long, in the latest edition of his Unofficial Two Year Old Handicap, brackets him on a level with Stardust and Tant Mieux. The former, who is a chestnut by Hyperion from Sister Stella, the dam also of Ankaret, was bred by the National Stud and cost the Aga Khan 1,450gs. as a yearling; this year he has won three races, including the National Breeders Produce Stakes at Sandown, worth £7,982 in all. Tant Mieux is by the Royal Hunt Cup victor, Asterus, from a daughter of Solario, and has this year won four races, including the Gimcrack Stakes at York and the New Stakes of Ascot, of £7,907. **ROYSTON.**



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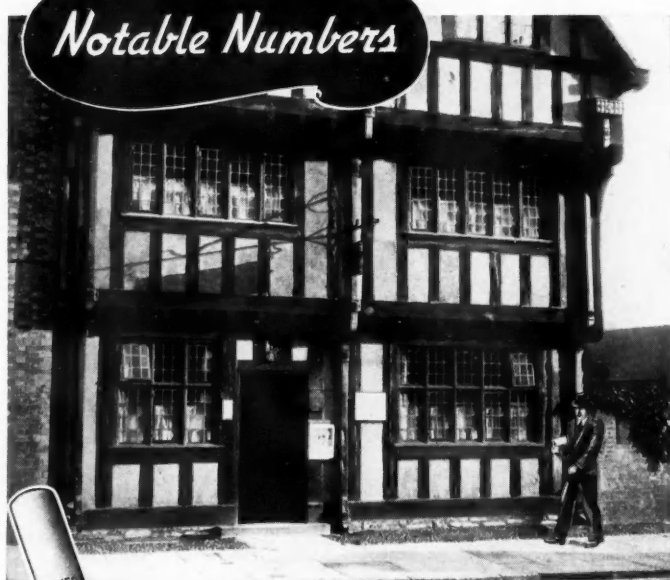
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FARMING NOTES

THE FIRST DAYS OF WAR



"THE HARVEST OF 1939 . . . TURNED OUT BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE HAD EXPECTED"

FROM the outset in this war food production has been recognised as a vital line of national defence. The Government have not hesitated to give the Minister of Agriculture and through him the County War Agricultural Executive Committees full powers to get on with the job and produce results in an increased harvest next year. Some of the county committees were already well prepared for their task. Farm-to-farm surveys had been completed, or nearly completed, during the summer, and they knew something of the problem which confronted them. Other counties had done very little and they started at a disadvantage. But nowhere is there any lack of determination to make a success of the food production campaign and if possible get even more than 1,500,000 acres of grassland under plough before next year. Some counties have been set a formidable task. An acreage to be ploughed has been allotted to each county, and those which have lost most arable land have 40,000 acres or more to regain. Where there are plenty of tractors, as in East Anglia, the extra acreage should be encompassed without great difficulty, but it will not be easy for counties like Devon and Somerset, now predominantly grass, to find the equipment to get through the allotted ploughing campaign this autumn. Good will between neighbours will be an essential factor in success.

If co-operation between neighbours fails to encompass all the grassland which has to be ploughed, the county committees must not be slow to use their compulsory powers and requisition tractors which are not being used fully to advantage. In normal times the 60,000 tractors we have in this country are not used to more than half their capacity. With the extra Government tractors available they could, with drivers working in shifts, easily tackle all the task allotted to the counties by the Minister. To get the ploughing and cultivations done before the end of October, these tractors would need to work before daybreak and after dusk. Will head lamps be allowed? Quite a good job can be done ploughing at night with strong lights, but the dimmed lights now permitted would make it difficult, if not impossible, to keep a straight furrow. I hear that the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Engineering has been carrying out night ploughing tests this month, using only the amount of light permitted for cars under the black-out regulations. But what harm would be done by allowing a tractor working in a field far from buildings and roads to use a strong light? The effect would probably be more confusing than informative to any enemy aircraft which came that way.

Ploughing up grassland will, we hope, make a big contribution to next year's harvest. It is not only wheat for human consumption that will be needed. One of the vital services to the nation which agriculture can render is to maintain the supply of milk and meat. It would be foolish now to blind ourselves to the fact that in recent years our dairy cows, fattening bullocks, bacon pigs and hens have been in large measure fed on imported feeding-stuffs brought cheaply to this country from the ends of the world. Argentine maize, Australian wheat, ground nuts from West Africa, soya beans from Man-

churia, cotton cake from India, have all contributed to the maintenance of livestock production here on an economical basis. It has suited the farmer's pocket to buy feeding-stuffs rather than grow cereals on his own farm to feed his livestock. Now these sources of feeding-stuffs are threatened. Supplies may come through, but clearly it is prudent policy to assume that we shall not be able to import all the feeding-stuffs we have been using to maintain the output of milk and meat in this country. The deduction which the dairy farmer and others who have a large head of stock to feed can draw for themselves is that they will be looking after their own interests and helping the nation by growing at least some oats, barley, beans, or rye, to make their farming more self-sufficient.

The idea may be old-fashioned, but I have no doubt in my mind that our livestock would be healthier if they were fed more on the produce of our own soil and not so much on imported feeding-stuffs. The chemist can tell us all about proteins, carbohydrates, calories, and something is known about vitamins, but may there not be some elements yet undefined by science which contribute to the fitness of animals as well as human beings? Our soil in this country has been well farmed for many generations. The fertility has been maintained, and surely also the full natural quality of the produce grown in the soil. Quality in food is not a matter of chemical analysis only. We know that ourselves in our choice of food. There are protective elements in fresh home-grown food which assist the human being to resist disease. Should not the same be true of animals? Remember that the pig in an intensive fattening house leads a life as unnatural as the assistant in a multiple store. Both are the victims of civilisation, and both need all the protection to health which food grown in our own healthy soil can give them.

Looking back on the harvest of 1939, one sees that it turned out better than most people had expected after the wet weather of late June and July. Once again the dry eastern counties scored, and Norfolk and Suffolk got in good crops in excellent condition. The west, with its higher rainfall, suffered more than usual from rust and blight, and the yield of wheat will probably not be up to the average when the threshing tackle comes round. When will this be? The Minister of Agriculture has asked us to keep as much wheat as possible in rick through this autumn. There is plenty of wheat in store, probably a year's supply, but it is prudent to keep our corn in the safest place—the rick. Rats may take their toll through the winter unless we are careful to keep them out of the rick bottoms. Wire netting has been used with good effect, but few ricks are now built on the staddle stones which used to keep the rats at a distance. The general use for staddle stones seems to be as garden ornaments. Standing like great mushrooms they look well enough, but some of them could usefully come back into service. If the war goes on for any time we shall see some curious revivals in agricultural practice, and our farming will be none the worse for that.

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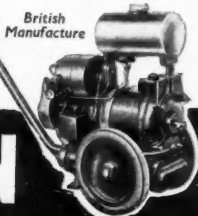


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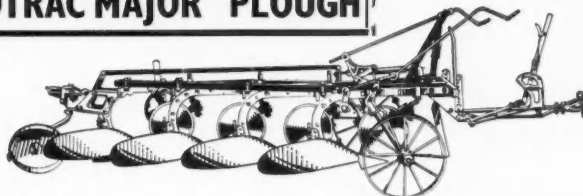
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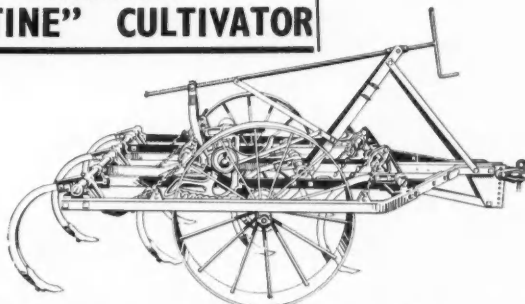
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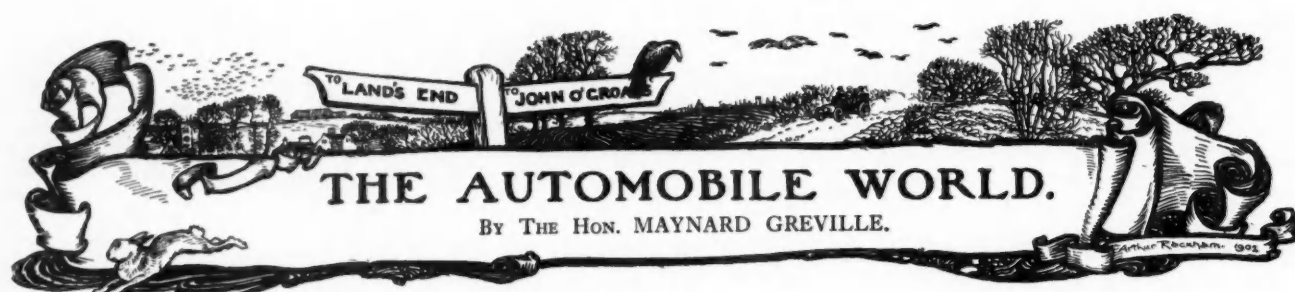
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MORE MILES TO THE GALLON

THOSE of us who have to go about in our cars for business or national purposes have now settled down to trying to get the last mile out of that once common but now most precious fluid, petrol.

It is a good thing for the motorist that, something over a year ago, the motor manufacturers of this country suddenly woke up to the fact that the small British car of from eight to twelve horse-power had a really disgraceful petrol consumption when compared with large cars, particularly those of American manufacture. Since then they have really got down to the problem with considerable success, and while a couple of years ago it was rare for a 10 h.p. car to be able to improve on thirty miles to the gallon when driven fast, and some of them were a lot worse than this, to-day 40 m.p.g. can be expected, while figures in excess of 50 m.p.g. can be reached by careful driving.

So far as the mechanism of the car itself is concerned, if it is a 1939 model the owner will be lucky, and if it is not he can at least take steps to improve things by fitting smaller jets and increasing the amount of air. He must remember that if he does this, however, the performance will certainly be affected, and he cannot expect to get the same speed or acceleration. In addition, a mixture that is made too weak will burn valves and have a deleterious effect on the engine generally, so this weakening process must not be overdone.

There are certain devices which undoubtedly improve consumption and these can, in certain cases, be fitted with advantage, though a reliable garage mechanic should be consulted before this type of remedy is adopted.

Consumption can, however, be enormously improved by the actual driving. The great thing to remember is to drive smoothly and not to do anything in jerks. The sort of driver who rushes up to everything, stands on his brakes, and then

accelerates away again with his foot hard down, will have very bad figures. It is not necessary to drive really slowly, although the ordinary cruising speed of the car should not be exceeded; but the great thing to remember is not to jam down the accelerator pedal directly acceleration is required. Treat the "loud pedal" in a very respectful manner, and open up the engine gradually, and an enormous improvement will result in petrol consumption. On a well known 10 h.p. car I can raise the petrol consumption from just under 40 m.p.g. to just under 50 over a long cross-country journey, and keep up the same average speed of 35 m.p.h. right through, by driving smoothly and not jamming my foot on the accelerator pedal every time I want to increase speed.

To drive to get the best petrol consumption it is necessary to concentrate hard all the time. Remember, for instance, that excessive use of the brakes will cost petrol, as a person who always brakes hard will tend to reduce his speed to a lower level than is necessary, and the engine has to do work to raise that speed again. Use the brakes sparingly, and try to slow up for every obstruction gradually and not too much. This does not mean that one should drive dangerously, but with intelligence and judgment.

Do not use the intermediate gears more than necessary, and do not "rev" the engine right up on them as if you were getting away from a racing start. On the other hand, do not leave the engine to labour too long on hills on the top-gear ratio with the accelerator pedal fully depressed.

The pool fuel now in circulation is thoroughly good spirit, but to those who have been used to using anti-knock fuels a certain amount of pinking may become apparent. A more judicious use of the accelerator pedal will help cure this and improve the consumption.

A TWO-LITRE SUNBEAM-TALBOT

ONE of the most interesting 1940 models which has made its entry under the existing depressing conditions is the new two-litre Sunbeam-Talbot. It has all the attractiveness of appearance for which these cars are famous, and, though roomy enough, has an excellent power-to-weight ratio, with a healthy 13.9 h.p. engine under the bonnet. The exact capacity is 1,994 c.c., and it is stated to be capable of 80 m.p.h. with very lively acceleration.

Safety has been carefully studied on these cars, and, although the springing is orthodox, there being half-elliptic springs on both axles, certain features have been added to ensure stability. The tips, for instance, of each spring blade have been curved to obviate localised high loading caused by "digging in," while all the springs are enclosed in gaiters. Double-action piston-type shock absorbers are fitted all round, and at the front end of the car these shock absorbers are linked by a torsion bar sway eliminator.

Throughout the engine and chassis design follow well proved and sturdy lines, and although high efficiency is a leading merit of the four-cylinder engine, reliability has not been sacrificed in order to obtain it. Side valves are used in the engine, while the crank shaft runs in three bearings.

A down-draught carburettor with automatic choke is fitted, and there is a large air cleaner and silencer. The engine is flexibly mounted on rubber cushions and transmits power through a dry-plate clutch to a four-speed gear box, which has synchromesh on second, third and top gears. A central change-speed lever is fitted.

The coachwork is constructed of steel and ash, and in order to obviate body noise every bracket employed in the framing is insulated by means of sound-deadening material, so that metal-to-metal contact is avoided.

The electrical system is 12-volt, and the visibility from the driver's seat is very good.



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Commander-in-Chief of
the British Field Force

VISCOUNT GORT, V.C.

By

BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

A man who can win the Victoria Cross, three D.S.O's and the M.C. should not be alive—by the law of averages he should have been killed half-a-dozen times. Yet Viscount Gort, the subject of Beverley Baxter's vivid and revealing article in the October STRAND Magazine, won all these decorations, and is to-day Commander-in-Chief of the British Field Force. Stern, brave and purposeful, a soldier and the descendant of soldiers, he has had an adventurous career, and this stirring pen-picture will enthral everyone who reads it.

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SOLUTION to No. 503

The clues for this appeared in September 16th issue.

HORSE CHESTNUT
C N L O S E N P
OVERALL CORACLE
U R T L A N T P
NOON KEEPS WISP
T U M G E T O E
ROSEATE SPANNER
Y I A
COFFERS PELICAN
O I S H A S L D
URNS DARTS TESS
S E F L E S A A
INSTALL LITERAL
N S L O L E E T
YELLOW HAMMERS

ACROSS.

1. Don't try slipping over into this town (8)
5. It makes respiration difficult (6)
9. Oak in Sussex? (8)
10. Destruction that takes a long time to hold in check (6)
11. Applied to a traffic artery the condition would hardly be morbid (10)
12. The people who drink it may mean to inflict injuries (6)
14. Edible cones? (10)
18. A bitter one compelled Milton to write "Lycidas" (10)
22. Welcome to receive, or, reversing the syllables, to give (6)
23. "It's a tree" (anagr.) (8)
24. An odd side except for the tail (6)
25. It gives a summary view (8)
26. Sounds the right stuff to give an old-time agriculturist (6)
27. The word for 9 (8).

DOWN.

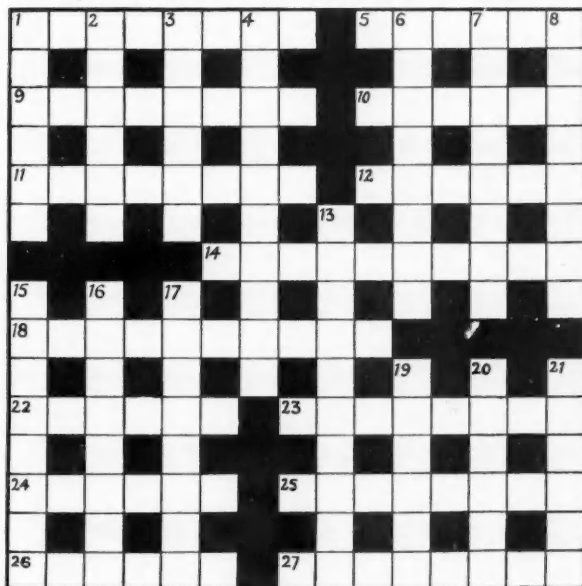
1. Gives Frenchmen the water of life (6)
2. Covered (6)
3. Not a direction to out-patients (6)
4. Denoting a sound condition (10)
6. In this picture waters meet land (8)
7. How to take a cordial? (8)
8. "Stay them" (anagr.) (8)
13. A copper sovereign? (10)
15. "Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances; Of moving —s by flood and field." —Shakespeare (8)
16. You may take a neck risk in making them though not in wearing them (8)
17. There's a stepdame in confused flight (8)
19. Taste that's partly sour (6)
20. Humiliating ending (6)
21. Five are normal, but another is common (6).

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 504

A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 504, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 26th, 1939.**

The winner of
Crossword No. 503 is
T. R. Wilton, Esq.,
16, Beresford Road,
Wallasey, Cheshire.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 504



Name

Address

FASHION FAIR

AIR-RAID WARNING

By DORA SHACKELL



THERE is a message all of us are familiar with nowadays: "We've got to be prepared!"

Are you prepared with some really suitable air-raid clothes? Maybe it is a grim subject to jest about, but it has nevertheless its amusing side. The spectacle of a lady in mackintosh and brogues still wearing a pink hair-net and bedazed with sleep is not without humour. But seriously, and quite apart from the practical needs of the occasion, there is a great deal to be said for doing things as comfortably as possible. History relates that wars have been won on superior morale. And anything we can do to promote our individual morale should be considered as all to the good.

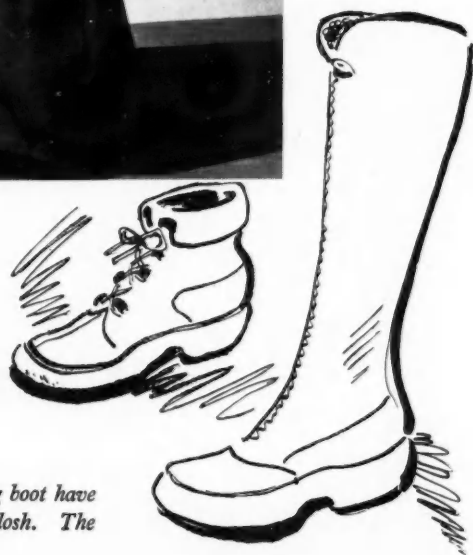
Naturally, it is the night scare that presents the greatest problem. Even in one's most wide-awake moments one is apt to become rather scatter-brained at the sound of a warbling siren. To have to leap from one's bed in the middle of sweet slumber is to many completely nerve-shattering. Hands are clumsy, and thoughts simply aren't coherent.



THIS heavy ribbed wool jumper is from Lillywhites. The hood is attached.



JAEGER make the attractive house coat with plaid top in tweed. The other by Chilprufe is in wool jersey and has a pyjama set to match.



BOTH bootee and long boot have rubber soles and golosh. The long boot is fleece-lined.



Obviously, then, ease and speed of assembly are the chief virtues to look for in your air-raid kit. Warmth is another important factor, for it must be remembered that night-time excursions are always chilly affairs. And, of course, where an outside shelter is your rendezvous with safety from air attack, rain and damp underfoot must be considered as possible alternative enemies to be circumvented also.

According to the shops, consensus of opinion is that slacks provide the quickest and most convenient form of emergency wear. Although not the only solution to the problem they certainly have much to be said for them. Lillywhites have some specially suitable ones in corduroy with a simple zip fastening at one side. They are warm, they do not look ghastly if bundled up, and they wash. To go with them, or alternatively with a quickly slipped-on wrap-over skirt, is the wool jumper illustrated. The hood here makes it especially practical if you have no time to arrange your hair, and of course it is comforting and pro-

JAEGER also make this house coat. It is in scarlet wool jersey.

THIS all-in-one suit with a hood is made in blue wool material. It has one simple fastening. Harvey Nichols make it.

LILLYWHITES have this tailored suit in grey worsted. The neat wool cardigan can be had in a variety of colours.

TECTIVE. The grey worsted all-in-one garment is another sound idea. It is just the sort of thing to wear in the evening if you want to be prepared for an alarm. Pop a cardigan or coat over it for extra warmth.

The other one-piece garment is from Harvey Nichols, and was specially designed for night scares. It has a simple zip fastening at the front, while sleeves and trouser-ends are gathered on elastic so that the whole thing is cosy without any adjustment or additional fastenings. And of course it has a hood.

* * *

We all have our special idiosyncrasies which come out in emergencies. To some, whatever the predicament, it may seem all-important to dab a little powder on the nose. To others some kind of corset is the necessary thing. For these latter Harvey Nichols recommend an all-in-one 'bra, girdle and pantie, with a zip-fastened side, which can be donned in a trice.

Two more sound suggestions are shown in the small drawing of footwear. Both have rubber soles and goloshes. Not only will these keep out the wet, but, even more important in the possible event, would mitigate the effects of poison gas.

* * *

But this is perhaps putting the worst complexion on things. Actually some of us will sit out the period of air-raid warnings in the comparative comfort of a basement or a sandbagged room. In this case a really warm dressing-gown is all that is needed. Jaeger and Chilprufe come to the rescue with the gowns shown in the two illustrations. All are in wool, and should be tremendously comforting. Nor need their use, it is hoped, be restricted to air raids. Each of them would make an admirable rest-gown. And they should appeal especially to the woman bravely wearing uniform all day. Their attractiveness is a pick-me-up in itself—against which who shall say us nay?



SOME UNCOMMON BULBS

A BRIEF REVIEW OF IRIS, GLADIOLUS AND NARCISSUS SPECIES WORTH ADDING TO THE BULB LIST

AMONG bulbous-rooted plants are numerous species whose flower spikes, clusters and individual blooms are quite as ornamental and decorative as those of the named hybrids of complex parentage so frequently planted. In many gardens to-day it is rarely one finds even a single bulbous species, the idea of these being much inferior in charm and colour to the modern hybrids dying hard. Yet a good proportion of species and their immediate hybrids are thoroughly hardy plants, needing only a minimum of attention to induce them to provide a good display of pretty and attractive bloom during their season of flowering.

Those mentioned below are reasonably priced—some are only a few pence per bulb—and all are readily obtainable from British nurserymen. September and early October is a good planting time for most of them, but where another period is better a note to that effect has been included in the comment on any particular bulb. Soil requirements vary, but in general a medium loam will accommodate most, and it is easily possible to make a sandy pocket for those species liking this kind of site. Some species, of course, enjoy an open sunny situation, others do not object to the herbaceous border, while still others thrive at the foot of south walls where the maximum amount of shelter and warmth in a garden occurs.

Iris juncea is a summer-blooming native of Algeria. It should be planted in clumps, as the foliage is very thin, after the fashion of rushes. The bright golden yellow flowers are borne on stems about fifteen inches in height. It is an easy doer and likes a sandy soil, with full exposure to sun. Anything in the nature of a heavy damp loam is to be avoided. *Iris reticulata* and its excellent varieties are well known plants for the cold house and early spring-flowering border; but there is another species *I. Danfordiae*, belonging to this section of the immense iris family that is much less seen in gardens, although quite as easy to grow and bloom successfully. If anything, it is even earlier flowering than *Iris reticulata*, and can often be found in bloom during late January. It makes a nice pot plant, but outdoors the flowers should be given a little protection so as to shield them from the effects of winter wet and frost. *I. Danfordiae*, a native of Asia Minor and the Caucasus, is a very tiny plant, its stems seldom attaining a height of six inches. The flowers are a pretty golden yellow, thus making this iris eminently suitable for associating with the blue shades of the reticulata irises. Those who like to invest a few shillings in a single specimen of a bulbous plant about which not much is known as to its behaviour in this country may try *Iris Vartani*, a native of Palestine, and also one of the reticulata section. The flowers, borne on short stems, are white with veinings of pinkish lavender. It is reputed to be winter-flowering in some gardens, and needs a light loam well mixed with grit and sand to ensure good drainage.

Iris tingitana is one of the so-called Spanish irises, but is actually a very late spring-blooming native of Tangier. Given a gritty light soil and a sheltered sunny situation, this iris is one of the best species for a garden. It produces a wealth of fine flowers carried in pairs on stems at least two feet tall. If allowed to mature—actually, *I. tingitana* is a favourite cut-flower for table and house decoration—much seed is set, which readily germinates on sowing. The blooms are a lovely blend of light and dark blues and gold. The price is such as to make practicable plantings on the hundred-bulb scale. Among other bulbous iris species worthy of a trial are the deep blue, white and yellow *I. Bakeriana* from Asia Minor, which likes the same situation and soil as *I. tingitana*; *I. tuberosa*, bright green and black; *I. Susiana*, silvery grey and black, which appreciates crushed old mortar mixed with the soil; *I. japonica*, white overlaid pale blue; and the April-flowering *I. bucharica* with large yellow and white blooms produced from the axils of the leaves on stems more than a foot high. It likes a sandy soil mixture.

Lapeyrousia cruenta, formerly classed as an anemone, is a native of South Africa. That being so, it needs drainage of impeccable quality—a light sandy soil mixture is essential—and full exposure to sun must be given. It is only a very dwarf plant, the stems averaging about six inches, so the little bulbs should be set out fairly closely if a spread of bloom is required. The flower sprays are a very bright shade of scarlet and are produced among thin foliage resembling grass. This species blooms in summer from the end of June until August. The



THE CURIOUS LOOKING IRIS BUCHARICA

bulbs should be planted at a depth of about two and a half inches.

Gladiolus species have been grown in this country for many years now by those who like the unorthodox in flowers. Most of them are natives of South Africa and need precisely similar treatment as that accorded to the best modern named large-flowered hybrids. The individual blooms of species are placed more loosely on the stems and are often hooded, i.e., the top petal bends over so as partly to obscure the interior of the flower.

A curious one with flowers of very mixed colours is *G. namaquensis*, which, as its name indicates, hails from Namaqualand in South-west Africa. The stems average nine to twelve inches in height. But it is in the extraordinary blend of shades that lies the principal attraction of this lovely gladiolus species, whose blooms are striking among a family of unusually shaded flowers. They are a mixture of terra cotta and rose pink merging into orange, with two peculiar portions of green terminating in markings of a warm brownish-red. Occasionally, a specimen will throw flowers of pure orange marked and striped with green, but the mixture first described is more general. A charming gladiolus of similar habit is *G. Watermeyeri* from Cape Province, which comes into bloom in early summer. Usually there are not more than three fragrant flowers per stem, and two is the number more frequently seen. Sun and good drainage in a soil lightened with sufficient sand are all this species asks. Seen at a distance, the flowers appear to be cream flushed with red, but closer examination shows them to be of two different colours. The lower half of the bloom is a charming shade of primrose, with the upper portion a clear pale pink. Another beautiful gladiolus species is *G. psittacinus*, which some consider to be the finest of all the South African species. In any case, it is undoubtedly a very lovely thing and worth planting in quantity. It is much taller than many species, the stems attaining a height of three feet and more. The flowers, produced towards the end of summer, are a glowing orange-scarlet with a lip of pale yellow. It is quite an easy species to flower in good form providing its requirements of a sunny situation, dryish light soil and drainage of unimpeachable quality are satisfied. Gladioli will naturally not be planted out until all danger of frost is past, and will be lifted and stored during winter.

The immense narcissus family is known principally by its hundreds of choice named hybrids. These have well nigh tended to crowd out the species of this interesting family of bulbous flowers. The species are few in number, but they make up in interest and curiosity. A pretty species from North Africa is the diminutive *N. Watieri*, which has tiny stems up to about six inches in height, bearing little white blooms early in the year. It enjoys a sheltered spot in the rock garden, but it is not difficult to flower. As yet, it is rather scarce, although reasonably priced and obtainable from British bulb houses. A companion to this is the little *N. juncifolius*, sometimes called the rush-leaved daffodil. This bears little fragrant golden yellow flowers in April, and likes a more moist situation than the preceding variety. For those who prefer something on a larger scale, the April-flowering *N. Broussonetii* is admirable. This has thin stems at least a foot tall thrust up among foliage of the same height. The pure white flowers occur in a little hanging cluster. It is not a difficult plant, but appreciates some moisture in the soil and a little shade of the dappled type.

The foregoing species represent only a small fraction of the great number available, but they do show there is no foundation for the idea that species must necessarily of themselves be dull plants and far inferior to the flowers of named hybrids.

W. L. C.



IRIS TINGITANA. One of the best species for garden decoration and equally attractive for indoor effects

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NOTED TO-DAY

SOMETHING new, and yet so obviously useful and sensible that one's only surprise is that it has never been put on the market before, is the Sterling Torch, made by the Sterling Manufacturing Company, Limited, whose works are at Dagenham and their Sales Distribution Centre at 166, Piccadilly, W.1. The Sterling Torch in its solid rubber case has patent internal shock-absorbing springs that enable it to stand up to the roughest treatment. There is no switch to go wrong—a quarter-turn of a rubber screw cap switches it on and off—and no lens to break, and it is waterproof and electric-shock-proof. You can throw it out of the window, or put it in the bath, or step on it, and it is still unhurt. It costs eight shillings and sixpence, and uses standard dry batteries. Its value, particularly in electrical and A.R.P. work, for it is simple to decontaminate, is obvious, and for the ordinary user too it will have the strongest recommendations.



AN UNBREAKABLE "STERLING" TORCH

A BOAT IN THE COUNTRY

One interesting recent development among the many which have crowded the last few weeks is the steady demand being made for small motor cruisers. These are not, as at first glance might be supposed, being pressed into service by some Government department, but are required by private purchasers. The days do not seem ideal ones for embarking on maritime adventure, but that is not the purpose for which the boats are required. People who do not possess a country house or cottage yet feel the urge to possess a *pied à terre*—if the phrase may be used in this connection—far away from congested areas have hit on this method of acquiring one. The motor cruisers—varying in accommodation, but providing living room for a family, small or large—are being delivered in remote backwaters where they will provide their owners with inexpensive floating and mobile homes far from the possible dangers and certain turmoil of cities. The supply of suitable boats is not, of course, unlimited, but they are still to be obtained and promise in any case to be very pleasant possessions.

A NEW ADDRESS

The makers of the well known "Rotoscythe" power vacuum mower announce that in October they intend to transfer their works from Maidenhead to larger premises which are now being built for them at Slough. It is interesting to notice, in passing, that the land on which the new works are to stand was purchased from the Eton

College authorities. The steady growth of sales in Britain and abroad since the Rotoscythe was introduced six years ago would have made the change in any case a necessary one, but the Company also requires more room for the development of a new production. This is a 120 c.c. blower-cooled two-stroke engine of advanced design which is to be called the "Power Pup." It will be fitted in the standard model "Rotoscythe," and is also suitable for fitting to other implements requiring a power unit of this size or for stationary use. The new address of the Company will be Power Specialities, Limited, Rotoscythe Works, Bath Road West, Slough, Bucks.

FOR PHILATELISTS

For all stamp-collectors the appearance of "The Standard Catalogue of Postage Stamps of the World" must be an important event. Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich, England, have just produced the volume for 1940, which is the thirty-ninth edition and also synchronises with the centenary of the postage stamp; it forms, indeed, a clear and definite record of Government stamp issues for the hundred years 1840-1940. Points mentioned in the Preface are that Greenland has demanded a new page in the collector's album, its first stamps being dated 1938, and that Alexandretta now takes the Turkish name Hatay. The many stamps issued by other countries proclaiming the New York World's Fair are a remarkable sign of international interest in American achievement. The original issues for the British Dominions and Colonies for King George VI's reign are all at last listed and priced. The volume describes 69,109 stamps; 2,479 appear for the first time in this issue, which has 7,638 illustrations, 240 of which are new.

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

At the present moment no reader of COUNTRY LIFE will think it unsuitable that we should appeal to them to remember, if possible, among their many other preoccupations, the needs of those who are helped by the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association (75, Brook Green, W.6) and the Professional Classes' Aid Society (251, Brompton Road, S.W.3). These are people of education and refinement fallen upon hard times, sadly often elderly or incapacitated or with families to be educated and no means. To the anxieties which we all share, their situation must add very considerably, and the smallest help sent now—which may be in money or kind, good used clothes being very welcome, children's clothes particularly, by the P.C.A.S.—will be of the greatest encouragement to them and to those who work in their interests.



THE SOUTH FRONT

THE HOUSE OF THE MASTER OF THE TEMPLE

is the subject of a specially illustrated article in the October issue of "Homes and Gardens." Canon Anson's house overlooks the paved garden behind the Temple Church, its south front displaying all the dignity and grace of Georgian design. Inside are some fine panelled rooms and a noteworthy staircase.

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WAR-TIME COOKERY, War Services for Women and an article explaining how to use the A.R.P. store are other features, but the major portion of the issue deals with subjects to which it is a relief to turn at the present time, as a set-off to War. There are articles on :

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